

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,075



JULY 5, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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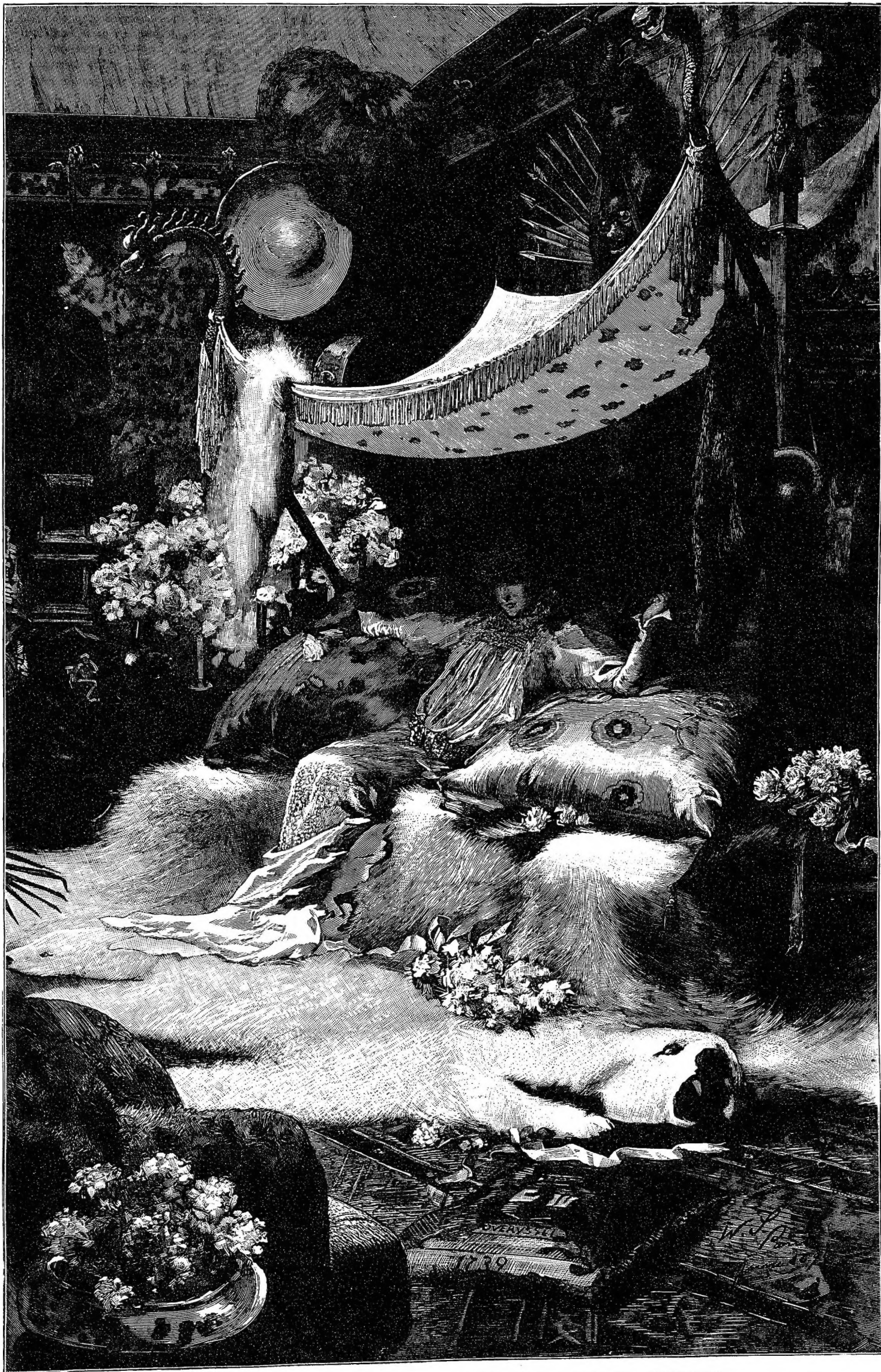
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1890

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS

PRICE NINEPENCE
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MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT IN HER PARIS STUDIO
DRAWN FROM LIFE

Topics of the Week

IS THE GOVERNMENT DOOMED?—Yes, say all the recognised organs of the Radical party. Whether they are quite sincere in their professions of opinion is another question. It must be admitted that the Government has committed serious mistakes; but has the Opposition won the respect and confidence of the country by the course it has pursued? Have waverers really been charmed by the spectacle of incessant Obstruction? If Unionists have been irritated by the inconsistencies of the Ministry, have they been fascinated by the oratory of Sir William Harcourt, the philosophic abstractions of Mr. Morley, and the "dodges" of Mr. Labouchere? It can hardly be pretended that the answers to these questions must necessarily be in the affirmative. It must be remembered, too, that if the country were in the midst of a General Election it would be asked to consider the alternative to the Unionist policy. Most people acknowledge that foreign affairs have been admirably managed by Lord Salisbury. He has not taken a single step against which Mr. Gladstone has felt it to be his duty to protest; yet Conservatives are of opinion that in all he has done the Foreign Minister has accurately represented their convictions. Should we be equally well off in this respect if Mr. Gladstone were Prime Minister? As for the Home Rule Question, it stands exactly where it did two years ago. Mr. Gladstone may have a complete scheme for the solution of the problem, but, if he has, he has never let the world know what it is. His general proposals on the subject, such as they are, excite little enthusiasm among the mass of his supporters; and this is so clearly recognised that his lieutenants have been eagerly looking about for any kind of "cause" that might appeal powerfully to the sympathies of the working classes. On the whole, then it seems anything but clear that the Government is doomed. Its blunders have related to matters of minor importance, and it will be judged, when the time for judgment comes, by its attitude with regard to greater issues.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN AGREEMENT.—Now that this important instrument has been signed by the representatives of the two countries concerned, and only requires ratification by our Parliament of the Article respecting Heligoland, we may fairly consider what we have gained and what we have lost by the arrangement. As regards Heligoland, it is never pleasant to surrender any of our possessions; but that little island came into our hands during the stress of a great war, and under circumstances which can scarcely occur again. Moreover, we have delivered it up to a Power with whom hostility is exceedingly improbable. As for the Heligolandians themselves, they may be more Frisian than German; but, at any rate, they are more German than English, and their existing liberties have without doubt been carefully provided for by Lord Salisbury. Next, as regards Africa, compared with which Heligoland is literally a speck on the ocean. There was a time, not so many years ago, when, barring the presence of the slow-moving Portuguese, we might have had a perfectly free hand in Equatorial Africa. Our merchants and traders missed the opportunity; but their apathy was perfectly excusable, considering how little was then known of the capabilities of those vast regions compared with what is known now. The past, however, is beyond recall; nor can we complain that other nations besides our own have recognised the value of the Dark Continent. It is some proof of the intrinsic fairness of the Agreement entered upon, which must necessarily be of a give-and-take character, that extremists on either side, such as Professor Fabri in Germany, and the correspondent who signs himself "Cape" in England, object to it strenuously. It would no doubt be pleasanter, as regards ourselves, if we held possession not only of Walfisch Bay, but of the territory surrounding it; and if on the East Coast there was not a German wedge inserted between our two boundaries. But if we had insisted on these concessions, the Agreement would have been impossible; and, after all, we venture to assert that, in the present state of European politics, a solid friendship with our German cousins is of more importance than all these African territories put together. Lastly, let us hope that the presence of England and Germany will prove a blessing, and not a curse, to the natives, and that shoddy fire-arms and poisonous spirits will cease to be the white intruders' chief civilising influences.

THE REVENUE.—If the rest of the present financial year yield proportionately such a large augmentation of revenue as the first quarter has produced, Mr. Goschen will again have a magnificent surplus at his disposal. The Budget estimated that, in consequence of remissions of taxation, the receipts for the current twelve months would shrink by 410,000*l.* According to this calculation, therefore, the first quarter should have shown a decrease of about 100,000*l.* Instead of that, there is an increase of 1,146,000*l.*, so that Mr. Goschen is already about a million and a quarter to the good. We doubt whether such quick growth of revenue has ever been equalled, except during the famous "leaps and bounds" period, when colliers drank champagne, travelled first class, and presented their wives with Paris-made

gowns. Then, as now, a general and substantial advance of the wage-rate enabled the working-classes to spend more largely on luxuries, and both Excise and Customs got the benefit. It is, of course, a matter for regret that extravagance and self-indulgence should grip hold of the British workman at such times. It would be very much better for him and his family were he to bank his additional earnings. But it is mere cant and hypocrisy to gibbet him as a hopeless victim to drink, merely because he spends more freely on stimulants when his wages are high than when they are low. There is no proof whatever that either drunkenness or hard drinking increases during prosperous periods. The "cheerful glass" may go round rather more quickly, but not among the working classes alone. It is in British nature to spend freely when Dame Fortune smiles, and also to pour out libations in honour of the fickle goddess. The horny-handed one entertains his friends and himself in one fashion, the lucky speculator on 'Change in another; but, beyond that, there is no difference whatever between them.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.—In his speech on Monday evening at Barrow, Lord Randolph Churchill was very indignant with Mr. Caine for having spoken disrespectfully of his old political friends. This becomes rather amusing when we remember the "Pigott, Pigott, Pigott" speech, and many another escapade in which the noble lord has indulged. Lord Randolph never does anything of importance without reference to that great entity, Number One; so we may assume that in going to Barrow he was thinking of his own prospects as well as of those of the Conservative candidate. He has never been quite happy since the memorable time when he astonished the country by suddenly throwing up the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the Leadership of the House of Commons. There can be no doubt that he expected momentous results to spring from that melodramatic performance. Nothing, however, came of it. The vacant places were filled up to the satisfaction of the Unionists, and Lord Randolph was left to make the disagreeable discovery that he was not quite so important as he had conceived himself to be. Now the Unionists have again come upon troubled times, and he appears to hope that there may be a chance of a fresh start upon the old lines. If the Conservative party is wise, it will think very carefully before recalling him to a position of high responsibility. It must be admitted that Lord Randolph has what is called the ear of the people. To the democracy his personality is interesting, and at any time he chooses he can command a vast and attentive audience. But politically he is not trustworthy. From what he says to-day, one can never foretell what he will say to-morrow or the day after. He belongs to the class of politicians who in times of stress and difficulty are apt to do infinitely more harm to their friends than to their enemies.

THE SALVATIONISTS AT WHITCHURCH.—It is quite possible that if this case had been tried before a Winchester jury, the result would have been different. The existence of local prejudice, however, having been proved to the satisfaction of the Judges, the investigation was removed to the Court of Queen's Bench, Lord Coleridge's summing-up was favourable to the defendants, and the jury promptly awarded a verdict of "Not Guilty." This decision, however, carries with it much less weight than might appear at first sight. The question at issue was, no doubt with perfect propriety, restricted to an inquiry whether in this particular instance the Salvationists, by assembling in Whitchurch Market Place, had been guilty of obstruction. In these days of perpetual processions and demonstrations, of constant "allonging and marchonging," as a character in one of Dickens' stories styles it, we could have wished that a much wider issue could have been brought before the Court. There is much force in Mr. Bullen's remark about the flower-girl. Why should a flower-girl be haled before a magistrate, and charged with obstruction, when large and noisy bodies of persons, actuated by motives of religion or politics, are tacitly permitted to obstruct the traffic with impunity? Why should Hyde Park, which ought to be sacred to public recreation, be the authorised gathering-ground of every set of persons who have, or imagine they have, a grievance? As Saturdays and Sundays are their favourite trysting days, without doubt these demonstrationists frighten away a number of people who like to go to the Park for fresh air and quiet, and who object to be hustled and mobbed, and possibly robbed. Why, then, are they more leniently treated than the flower-girl? The true answer is that she is a helpless unit, and that they are numerous, and either possess or can influence votes.

THE POSTMAN'S WORST ENEMIES.—But for police protection being at hand, Hyde Park would probably have been disgraced last Sunday by one or more murders. Whether the individuals singled out by the mob were "spies," we neither know nor care. The word merely means, in the Hyde Park vernacular, any person employed by superior authority to report proceedings, and to identify those taking part in them. But even if the hunted men were guilty of that offence, the mob had no excuse whatever for trying to smash their skulls, or failing that, to drown them in the Serpentine. We refuse to believe that any postman present took part in this savagery. Still, there is the unpleasant fact that not one of these excellent public servants appears to

have even raised his voice in protest. As we have said, but for the police, murder would have assuredly been done in broad daylight, with thousands of men tamely looking on. It is impossible, therefore, to acquit the postmen present of a certain degree of complicity. No doubt, they entered the Park without the slightest intention of resorting to violence. They came to demonstrate in the usual fashion; nothing more. But after their blood was inflamed by the furious speechifying, the cry of "spy" brought their passions in an instant to the boiling point, and they very nearly became participants in almost as abominable an outrage as the Phoenix Park massacre. Will not this narrow escape from partnership in murder warn them to be more careful in their choice of leaders and associates? Already they have largely forfeited public sympathy, and were Mr. Raikes to make a clean sweep of every postal *employé* who attended the rowdy gathering, no one could or would charge him with harshness. There must be rigid discipline in such a gigantic institution as the Post Office, and if any who are now employed there cannot bring themselves to yield implicit obedience, the sooner they leave the better both for themselves and for the public.

BULGARIAN TROUBLES.—The execution of Panitza served very effectively to recall the attention of Europe to the affairs of Bulgaria. No one outside the Principality, and apparently very few people in it, expected that the sentence of the Court would be carried out. It would be premature to say that the Bulgarian Government committed a mistake. Panitza's offence was a most serious one; and it is certain that, if his life had been spared, we should soon have heard of other and more dangerous conspiracies. Would-be conspirators will now think twice before taking part in plots which may have more serious consequences for themselves than for the objects of their antipathy. As for the wider question, which has once more become prominent—that of Bulgarian independence—we may doubt whether it has been brought nearer to a settlement by Panitza's death. He seems to have acted rather in what he believed to be the interest of Prince Alexander than in the interest of Russia. Nevertheless, Russia resents the decree which caused him to be shot; and, whatever the Bulgarians may think of the matter, the will of Russia is the most important of the forces by which their political destinies must be affected. It is extremely unlikely that the Porte will have the courage to recognise Prince Ferdinand as an independent Prince; but, even if it did so, and if all Europe, with the exception of Russia, followed its example, what real good would be done? Everything would still depend upon the decision of the St. Petersburg Government. An extremely unpleasant fact has to be recognised at Sofia: and that is that, until some *modus vivendi* with Russia has been found out, no arrangement either with Turkey or with the Central and Western Powers of Europe will be of permanent advantage to the Bulgarian people.

SPEAKERS OF ENGLISH.—A statistical paragraph informs us that whereas at the beginning of the century only twenty-one millions of persons spoke the English tongue it is now used by a hundred and twenty-five millions. As, in spite of the great general increase of population, other nations have not advanced their ratio in anything like the same degree, English seems likely to be the dominant language of the future, and will render needless the acquisition of a universal medium of intercourse, such as Volapük professes to be. For who would be troubled to learn Volapük, when, by the mastery of English, he can obtain the key to the thoughts and wishes of more than a hundred millions of his fellow-creatures? Moreover, these hundred and twenty-five millions are the most gad-about specimens of the human race, and have also, as a rule, a rooted incapacity or disinclination for acquiring foreign tongues. Consequently, the foreigner from interested motives finds it advisable to learn *their* tongue. Thirty or forty years ago, if a tourist diverged from the beaten tracks on the Continent, he found some smattering of the local language advisable, in order to satisfy his ordinary needs. Nowadays, his difficulty is to get a chance of airing his cherished little store of French, German, and Italian. The waiters insist on speaking English. Practice makes perfect, and fluent English means higher wages. We must not, however, solace ourselves with the fancy that all who use the English tongue venerate the ideals which are dear to Englishmen. Irish Nationalists speak the choicest Anglo-Saxon, but they abuse us roundly in it; and there are sixty-five millions of Americans who, though they read our books, and listen to our plays, do not universally regard our political institutions and social usages with entire approval.

OFFICIALS AND COMMERCIAL COMPANIES.—There are few things more difficult than to differentiate between what part a Government official may take in commerce and what he may not take without violating the unwritten code. Mr. Goschen has just laid it down that two officials of the Mint committed a grave offence by taking a pecuniary interest in a private minting company at Birmingham, which occasionally performs contract work for the Government. One can see at once that this was altogether wrong, because their minds must have been biased in favour of their own company whenever any contract had to be given out. But there are other cases in which it is by no means so easy to

draw the line. Let us suppose, for instance, that some great railway contractor in the House of Commons secures a Government contract; might it not be said that he had an interest in supporting that Government? Or let it be the Channel Tunnel; might not a high-toned moralist contend that any of its promoters in the House who voted in its favour must be moved consciously, or unconsciously, by self-interest? It would be easy to suggest dozens of similar instances; indeed, one might almost say that no member or official should ever hold shares in any commercial undertaking, lest he should lay himself open to suspicion. That, of course, would be sheer nonsense, but, at the same time, great necessity exists for drawing the line sharply. It would produce infinite scandal and mischief were Government officials to be allowed a free hand in connecting themselves with commercial business. Why not make it a rule that any official, meditating the formation of such a connection, should inform the head of his department? If that were done, and a record were kept, those known to be so connected would never be allowed the slightest voice in giving out contracts.

LORD CARNARVON.—The death of Lord Carnarvon has caused a real blank in the political life of England. That he was not a statesman of the foremost rank every one recognises; nevertheless, he was universally respected both for his intellectual and for his moral qualities. It is one of the good traditions of England that her statesmen are supposed to have wider interests than those connected with the obligations of party. Lord Beaconsfield had a place of his own in literature; Mr. Gladstone has had much to say in his time about questions relating to scholarship and theology. In like manner Lord Carnarvon was an accomplished antiquary and man of letters. It was, however, mainly from the moral point of view that he was an interesting figure in our politics. That he was too sensitive for rough party strife most people felt during his lifetime. If a man is to play a prominent part in the administration of public affairs in England, he must be prepared to subordinate his opinions on many subjects to the convictions of his colleagues. Lord Carnarvon was never able to do this, and hence it was impossible for him to rise to the highest rank among men of practical influence. But his resolve never to swerve by a hair's breadth from what he himself believed to be right was the chief source of the esteem in which he was held by his countrymen. They felt that they had plenty of politicians with too little scruple, but that there were few who were endowed with it to excess. Lord Carnarvon's fine sense of honour was so cordially appreciated that a Conservative Government never seemed to be complete without him; and the country was always well assured that as long as he remained in office no transactions of a doubtful nature could possibly be going on. He leaves behind him a stainless reputation, and, in our time, that is surely one of the most precious gifts a statesman can bequeath to the English people.

SCHOOL TREATS IN THE RAIN.—During the dripping weather of the last few days, many persons must have regarded with compassionate eyes the flocks of children with their teachers assembled in the morning at the various railway stations awaiting the train which shall carry them away for their long-anticipated "day in the country." They are usually children of a very humble class, connected with mission schools or the like, and this is almost certainly their only chance of a genuine rural outing for twelve months to come. Fortunately, the poor little mites don't regard the cruel behaviour of Jupiter Pluvius as gloomily as does the veteran who casts an interested glance at them as he passes the barrier on the way to his train. Like Mr. Gray, in his ode on "A Distant Prospect of Eton College," he conjures up in vision the colds, the sore-throats, the coughs, and possibly the consumptions which will result from trudging through grass sodden with wet, or—if the weather be too bad for that enjoyment—from playing in a damp marquee. And the children—at all events the girls—are clad in cheap summer finery, which, on such a day as we speak of, seems far more suitable for Jamaica than for Epping Forest. It does seem a pity that, when the weather is so bad, such trips cannot be deferred. But, unfortunately, all the arrangements have been made, and cannot be unmade without considerable inconvenience and expense. The food has been bought or bespoke, and, most important of all, the railway tickets have been taken. We see, therefore, no practicable remedy for this undoubted evil; and can only hope that the buoyancy of childhood averts some of the dangers to health which older people would experience under such adverse climatic influences.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.—The reply given by Mr. Chaplin to the deputation from Yorkshire touched the fringe of a very great question indeed. While the British farmer is second to none in knowledge of his craft, as a craft, he has still much to learn about its financial management. This comes quite as fairly within the four corners of agricultural education as tillage or stock-raising. There is small profit in knowing how to produce heavy crops unless you also know the best way of placing them on the market. Similarly, if the English farmer is to hold his own, his education must include fruit-growing, fowl and egg farming, and many other petty industries which he is too apt to

scold. Australian and Canadian farmers always accommodate themselves to circumstances; if one crop does not pay, they try another and another until the right one is found. They are also most energetic in seeking fresh markets for their superfluous produce. When beef and mutton became unsaleable, they hit upon the happy expedient of sending these supplies to Europe, either in refrigerators or tinned. As Mr. Chaplin promises a comprehensive scheme dealing with the whole subject, we may hope that this important point will not be lost sight of. Agricultural colleges and schools have solid value as teachers of the technique of farming, but their curriculum is wont to be largely deficient on the economic side. How to raise the heaviest crops at the least expense is but one-half of the problem which the farmer has to solve if he hopes to make his vocation pay. The other and, perhaps, even more important half, is as to the means by which the highest possible price may be secured, not merely now and then, but permanently.

NOTICE.—With this number are issued, as EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, the FRONTISPIECE, TITLE-PAGE, and INDEX to VOL. XLI.



CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHAS. WYNDHAM.—Every Evening at 9, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER (last week). Mr. Charles Wyndham, Messrs. G. Giddens, W. Blakeley, Messdames M. A. Victor, E. Leyshon, and Mary Moore. A 8.10. LIVING TOO FAST. Doors open 7.45. N.B.—On Saturday, July 5, "SOWING AND REAPING" will be played.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—CARNIVAL TIME, by Malcolm Watson, music by Corney Grain; and new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "THE SOCIETY PEPSHOW FOR 1890." Monday, Wednesday, Friday at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday at Three. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 2s. and 1s. Stalls booked without fee by letter, telegram, or telephone (No. 3,410).—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, W.

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SUMMER HOLIDAYS.—Tours to the West Coast and Fiords of Norway. Quickest and Cheapest Route. The splendid new first-class steamer "ST. SUNNIVA" leaves Leith and Aberdeen on July 5th for twelve days' cruise. Fortnightly thereafter. Full particulars and Handbook, 3d., may be had from W. A. MALCOLM, 102, Queen Victoria St., E.C. SEWELL and CROWTHICK, 18, Cockspur St., Charing Cross, S.W. THOS. COOK and SONS, Ludgate Circus, E.C., and all Branch Offices, and GUION and CO., 25, Water St., Liverpool.

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MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT IN HER STUDIO

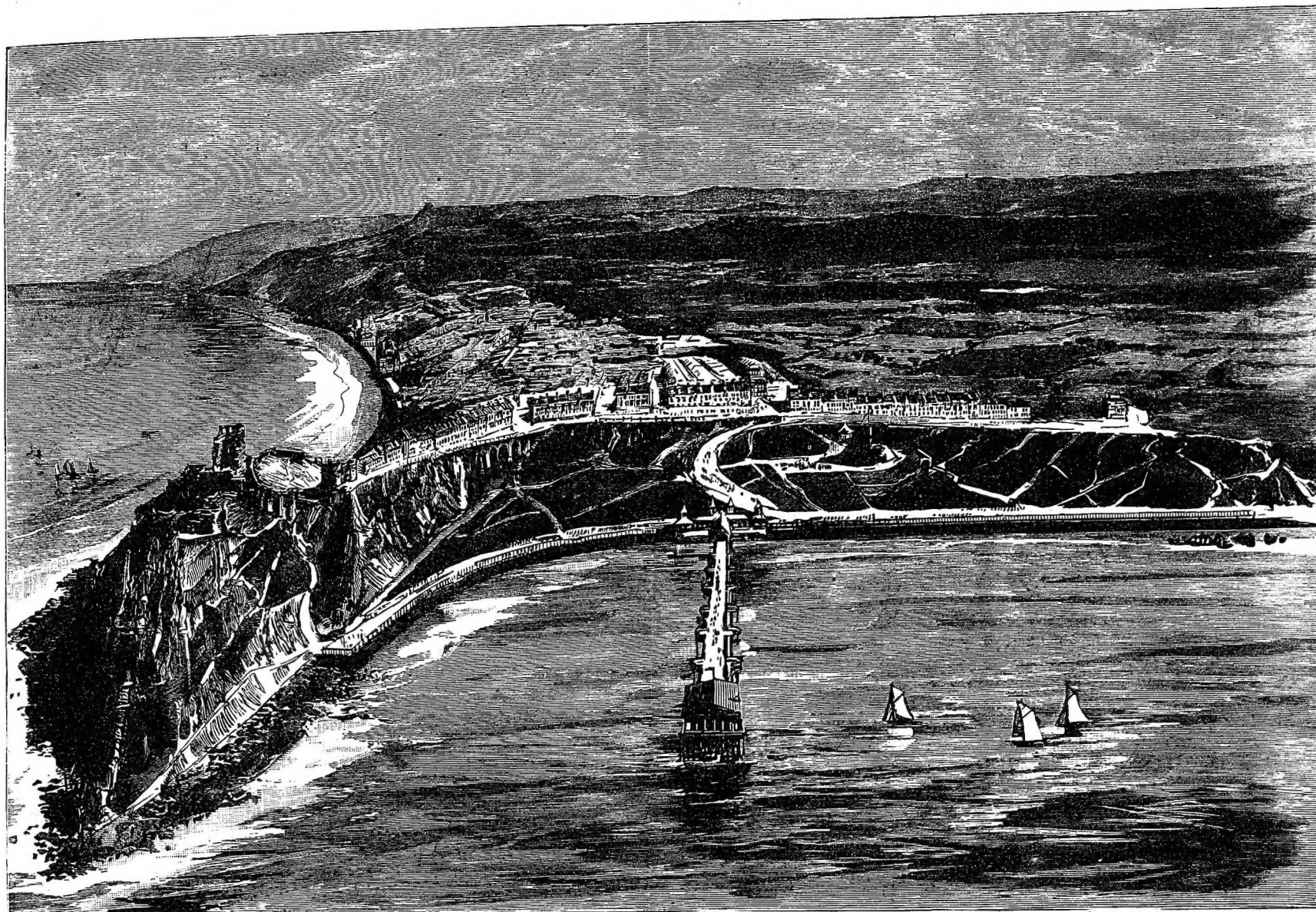
HERE is a portrait of Madame Sarah Bernhardt in her studio in the Boulevard Péreire, Paris. A painter's and a modeller's studio; for this great actress, as every one knows, by no means limits herself to one branch of Art only. Her busts and groups in bronze and marble and terra cotta, her paintings and etchings, her novels and plays speak for the diversity of her genius. Everything she touches bears the mark of a great artist's mind; and her powerful individuality, which electrifies all persons she comes in contact with, is impressed even upon the smallest objects in her surroundings. Everything in her house is characteristic of her, everything is Sarah Bernhardt all over, and bears the stamp of her artistic mind. A delicious atmosphere of Art, and quiet, and refined splendour pervades the whole place. There are paintings and sketches by Clairin and Henner, by Mademoiselle Abbéma and Burne Jones, by Meissonier, by Détaillé, and Doré, mostly offerings to the great actress's genius. There are busts which Sarah is working on, wrapped in costly Eastern embroideries in silk and gold, wetted to keep the clay moist. For this is not a show studio only, although a small museum in itself, but a workshop too. It bears the look of being inhabited—everywhere is a profusion of flowers; and Sarah's pets, a large black cat and half-a-dozen dogs, play about on the soft carpets and on the numerous fur rugs that cover the floor and sofas. Two magnificent white bearskins and a billowy mass of cushions form the divan that Sarah reclines upon. Opposite is a cage once occupied by her favourite tiger, and now the home of a hundred and twenty birds. The place abounds with objects of Art of all times and places—bronzes and Dresden china, a terra cotta statuette of Rachel, masks and trophies from her travels; golden wreaths and crowns and goblets, inscribed with the most enthusiastic dedications, tributes from various towns and corporations and great people. To the right we see one of Sarah's favourite high-backed chairs, with her famous motto: "Quand même," on it, a device to live up to which an iron energy and courage is needed; and which Sarah Bernhardt has carried out consistently in her life, for nothing, almost, next to her genius, seems more marvellous than her wonderful elasticity of mind, before which difficulties and seeming impossibilities shrink into nothingness.—Our engraving is from a drawing by W. Spindler.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE AT SCARBOROUGH

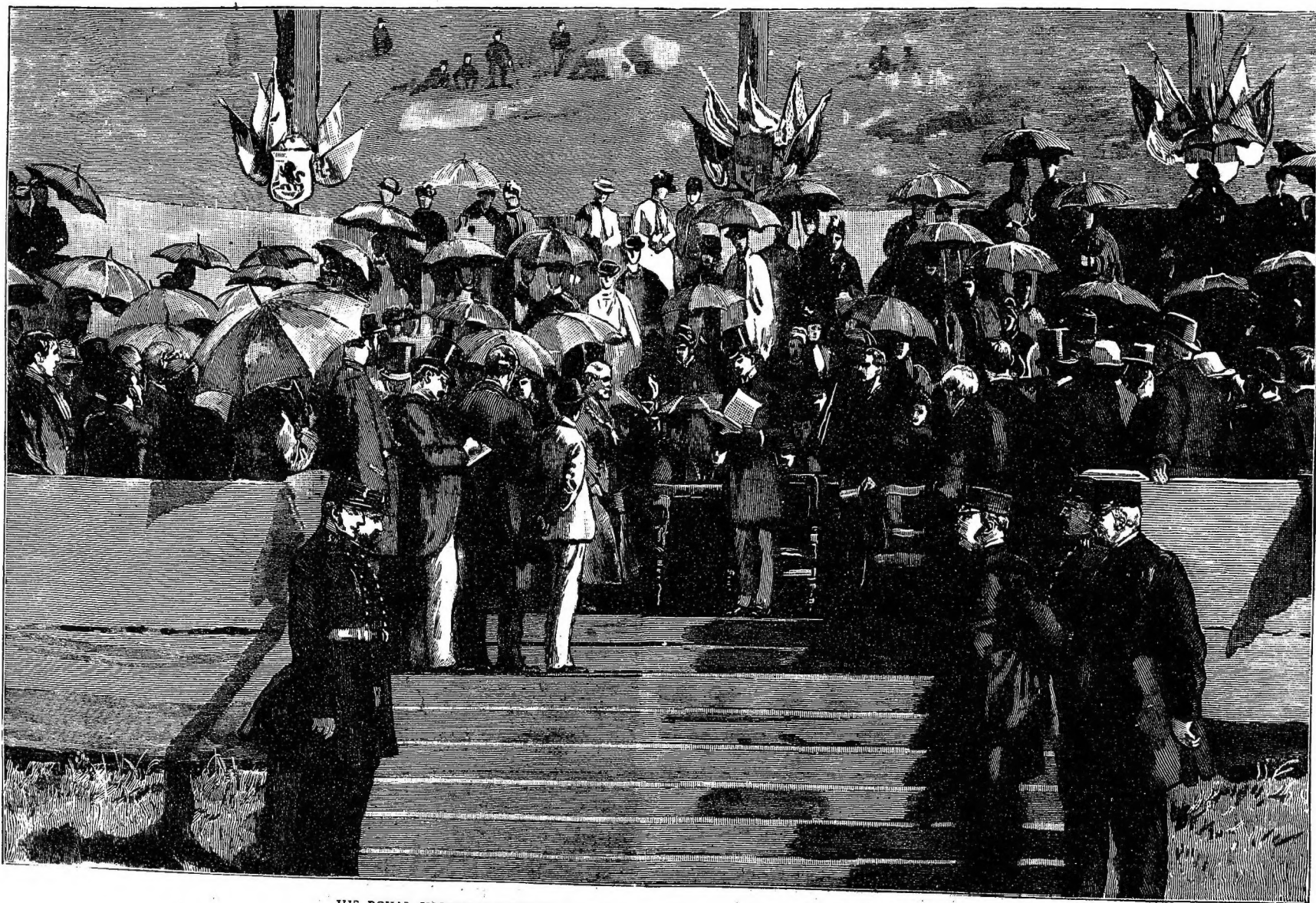
SCARBOROUGH, confessedly the queen of those English seaside resorts which are situated to the north of the Trent, has for some time past been desirous of obtaining more space for the accommodation of her numerous visitors. The town proper lies on slopes of the cliffs surrounding the semicircular bay on the south side of the Castle Hill; and ever since the beginning of 1887 the Corporation under the advice of Sir John Coode, Mr. Eliot, and Mr. Aytoun, have been engaged in carrying out such improvements as would cause a second bay, lying on the north side of the Castle Hill, of precisely similar aspect, but hitherto neglected, to become suitable for the recreation of the public. The works were needed, moreover, for another urgent reason, namely, that the sea was making continual inroads into the cliffs. The result is that now, upon the north side as well as on the south, there is an admirable promenade, and that the capacity of Scarborough as a watering-place has been doubled. The work has cost some 50,000l., there is a sea-wall nearly 4,000 feet long, and a promenade along the whole of it 24 feet wide. Hereafter it is hoped that the scheme will be completed by a promenade which shall connect the south side and the north, and make it possible for the wayfarer to perform the circuit of both bays with his feet on a smooth firm surface.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale and the Archbishop of York were asked to be present at the opening ceremony, and they both responded to the invitation. The ceremony took place on June 27th. The weather was bad, but the crowds were enormous, and the enthusiasm great. In the centre of the new promenade was a raised platform, and there the various distinguished persons, who had

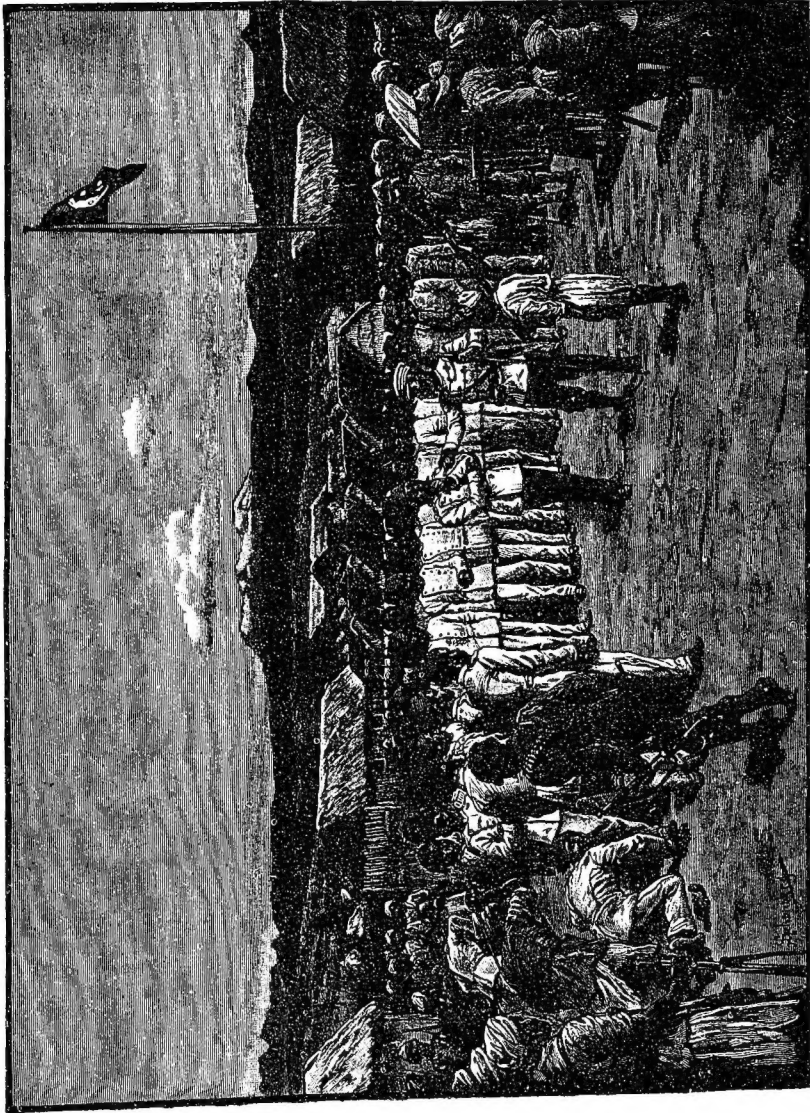
An English equivalent to which would be, perhaps, "Nevertheless," or "In spite of All," though neither of them quite express the meaning with the same directness.



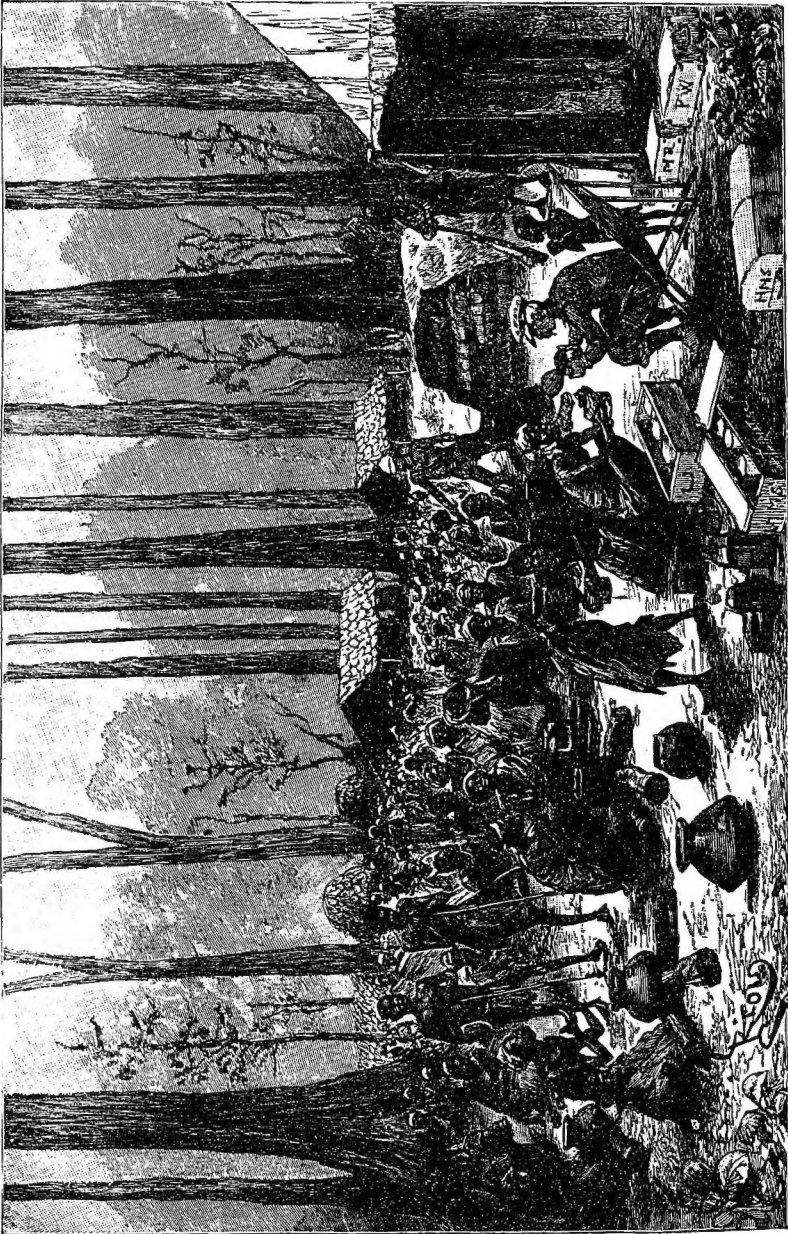
THE NEW GARDENS AND PROMENADE ON THE NORTH BAY OPENED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS RECEIVING THE ADDRESS PRESENTED BY THE CORPORATION
THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE AT SCARBOROUGH



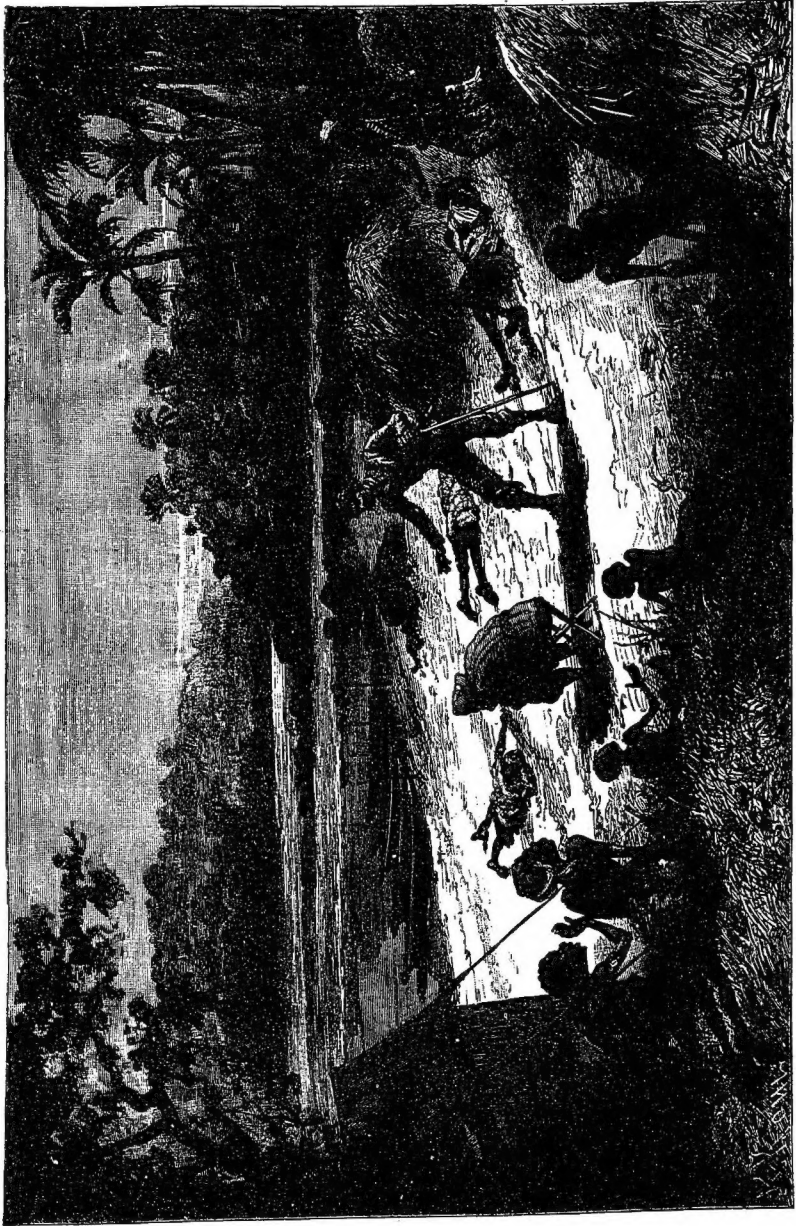
STANLEY ADDRESSING THE REBEL OFFICERS AT KAVALLI



STARVATION CAMP: SERVING OUT MILK AND BUTTER FOR BROTH



IVUGU: A CALL TO ARMS



THE RELIEF OF CAPTAIN NELSON AND THE OTHER SURVIVORS AT STARVATION CAMP BY MR. JEPHSON

"IN DARKEST AFRICA"—ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. STANLEY'S GREAT BOOK

arrived in a procession of carriages, took up their positions. The Mayor of Scarborough delivered a speech, in which he detailed the history of the enterprise, and then requested H.R.H. to name the promenade "The Royal Albert Drive," and the pleasure-gardens adjoining "The Clarence Gardens." H.R.H. made a suitable reply, and in the evening there followed the usual banquet and fireworks. —Our view of the gardens is from a sketch by Mr. M. J. Whitaker, 28, Albemarle Crescent, Scarborough.

IN DARKEST AFRICA

See page 17

UNIONIST FÊTE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

THE Conservative and Unionist Fête for the Metropolitan Boroughs, which was given on June 28th at the Crystal Palace in celebration of Coronation Day, though marred as regarded the outdoor amusements by rainy weather, was in all other respects a great success. At 5 p.m. there was a procession representing the Conservative Associations and the Primrose League "Habitations" of the Metropolis. There were groups of men whose costumes, flags, and devices were designed to illustrate the chief legislative and administrative successes of the Government. Then there were two banners referring to Ireland. The first was inscribed, "Ireland under Gladstone," and was surrounded by a body of men in green swallow-tail coats, knee-breeches, masks, and blunderbusses. These were supposed to be moonlighters. The second banner, inscribed "Ireland as it is," was accompanied by a well-clad and happy-looking peasant. Then followed some bicycle and foot-races, succeeded by a distribution of prizes by Lady Knutsford; after which, at 8 p.m., a mass meeting—comprising vast numbers of people—was assembled in the centre transept and Handel orchestra. At this gathering the chief speakers were Mr. A. J. Balfour and Mr. Goschen, and they were welcomed with unbounded enthusiasm. In so large an area the strain upon their voices must be considerable, but they were encouraged by the ringing cheers which accompanied each successive sentence of their addresses. The meeting ended with the singing of "God Save the Queen," with organ accompaniment.

GERMAN LIFE-GUARDS' QUADRILLE

ON the evening of June 22nd, by command of the Emperor, a festival was held in the barracks at Potsdam to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the formation, by Frederick the Great, of that magnificent regiment, the First Life Guards. From the Seven Years' War onward to St. Privat and Sedan this regiment has always been foremost where hard fighting had to be done. A brilliant discourse of spectators, including the Emperor and Empress and all their Court, assembled in the spacious riding-school of the regiment, where the display took place. First, an appropriate prologue was recited by Baron von Bissing, the colonel of the regiment, who, bearing its oldest standard and trumpets, advanced towards the Imperial box. Then followed several finely-executed quadrilles, the first of them in the original costume of 1740, Baron von Bissing being the partner of Princess Victoria of Prussia, whose future husband, Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, sat in the Imperial circle. Princess Margaret rode with Prince Frederick Leopold. An amusing feature of this equestrian dance was the chase and capture of the negro drummer, whose kettle-drums yielded a fragrant profusion of bouquets, which were tossed by the cavaliers among the fair spectators. Then followed three similar quadrilles, the first executed by the non-commissioned officers of the regiment in the uniform of 1806; another in the costume of 1830 by recruits, who had to take several fences, which they did in marvellously good style; and a third by the officers in their present dazzling panoply of cuirass and helmet. Finally all the performers rode into the arena, and, forming up, saluted the Emperor, while the music of the band was swelled by a chorus of dismounted troopers. The entertainment was closed by a sumptuous supper, spread in tents, at which the Emperor drank the health of this famous regiment.—Our engraving is from a drawing by H. Lüders.

'CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER OF EMPRESS FREDERICK'

PRINCESS VICTORIA ELIZABETH AUGUSTA CHARLOTTE, daughter of the late Emperor Frederick, and of the Princess Royal of England, and sister of the present German Emperor, was born at the New Palace of Potsdam, July 24th, 1860, and was married at Berlin on February 18th, 1878, to Bernard, Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen.—The portrait is from a study by Professor F. von Lenbach, and is now reproduced by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 43, New Bond Street, W.

"MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 11.

PETERBOROUGH HOUND SHOW

EVERYBODY who hunts, or is connected with hunting, has heard of the Peterborough Hound Show. To this Show hounds are sent from packs in all parts of the country, north, south, east, and west, from the other side of the border, and from the most southern counties. Here we see not only hounds, but the Masters and huntsmen of different packs. For some of these persons this is perhaps the only opportunity of meeting together which the whole year affords. Many a racy story is related; the grand run of the season is discussed, and notes compared of hunting doings of the last, and prospects for the coming season. The greatest interest is taken in the competitors in the different packs, and much are the hounds admired when they are brought to the ring, and show themselves in the pink of condition on the "flags" to be judged. Of course all cannot be prize-winners, and no doubt, as in every other Show, many disappointments occur; but we must not let them distress us. Our pet couple may perhaps win another year, or we may then have better hounds to show. Then we have a good lunch, and afterwards hear a capital speech from such a veteran of the field as Colonel Anstruther Thompson, who will in it tell us anecdotes of days gone by, and throw out useful hints for days to come.—Our drawing shows the judging for the best two couple of hounds, and no doubt our readers will recognise in it many well-known faces in the hunting-field and "on the flags."

HAMPTON COURT III.

See page 20

"A LION IN SEARCH OF ITS PREY"

JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME, by whom the original of this picture was painted, was born at Vésoul, France, in 1824, and was a pupil of Paul Delaroche. In 1853 he travelled in the East. M. Gérôme has always had a fondness for Oriental subjects, and also for scenes suggested by ancient Rome, such as the death of Cæsar, and the gladiators saluting their Emperor before going forth to die. The scene in the engraving before us is very impressively rendered. The solitude of the vast expanse of sea, shore, and mountain is

enhanced by the single majestic figure of the lion. On the other hand, a prosaic person might allege that the king of beasts would stand a very poor chance of getting a "square meal" in such a place. There is not a bather or a shrimper in sight, and, therefore, unless content with an occasional crab scurrying down to his native element, King Leo seems not likely to enjoy a very festive evening.

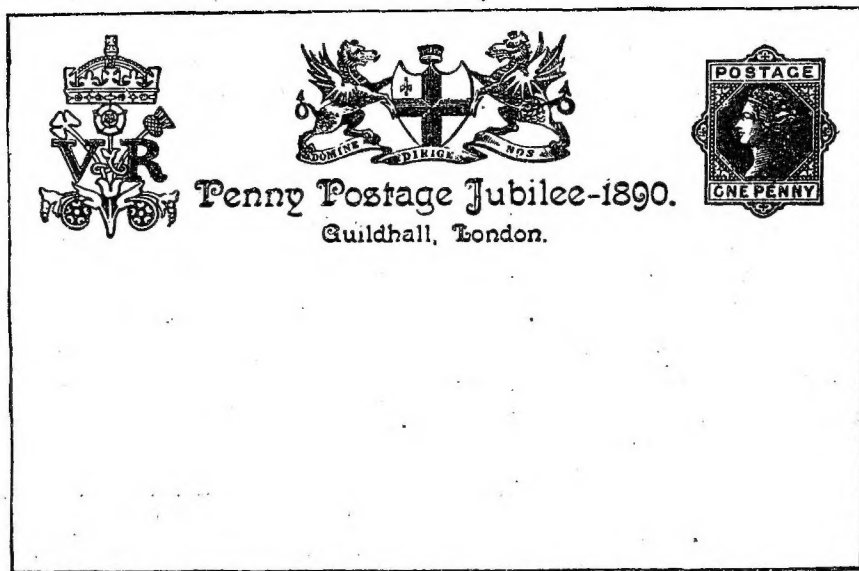
PORTRAIT OF GEVARTIUS

THE famous original of this engraving is in the National Gallery, the official catalogue of which informs us that the title is incorrect, but is retained as being that by which the picture is best known. For the sitter was not Gevartius, but Cornelius van der Geest, an amateur of the Arts, and a friend of Rubens and Van Dyck. In point of execution this has been described as one of the finest portraits in the world. "The painting of the flesh," says Mrs. Jameson, "the light firm touch, the definite marking of each feature, are the wonder and despair of modern portrait painters." West, a former President of the Royal Academy, copied it, and to this day no picture in the Gallery is more often copied by students. Van Dyck himself considered it his masterpiece, and, before he had gained his great reputation, carried it about with him from Court to Court, and patron to patron, to show what he could do as a portrait-painter.

NOTE.—The portrait of Lord Magheramorne is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street. That of Madame Ronner, in our last issue, was from a photograph by M. Ganz, Brussels.

THE JUBILEE POSTCARD

AT the *conversazione* held at the Guildhall, on May 16th, to celebrate the completion of fifty years of penny postage, a special postcard (of which we here give an engraving) was introduced, and was used only on that occasion. These Guildhall postcards took the fancy of the public so much that they have since been sold for the high premium of a guinea. Taking a hint from this the Post Office authorities subsequently determined to issue a Jubilee Envelope, of which only a restricted number should be issued, the plate being afterwards solemnly destroyed in the presence of competent witnesses at the works of Messrs. De La Rue and Co., in Bunhill Row. The proceeds of the sale of this envelope are to be



THE JUBILEE POST CARD

devoted to the Rowland Hill Benevolent Fund, a most useful institution, which is designed to meet cases unprovided for by the Superannuation Act, especially in affording assistance to widows and Orphans of Post Office servants. The envelope, which is a highly artistic production, encloses a correspondence card, containing a medallion portrait of Sir Rowland Hill, under which is printed the legend, "He gave us Penny Postage." These words, we understand, originated with the late Lord Mayor, Sir James Whitehead, who has for some years taken a deep interest and active part in the administration of the Rowland Hill Benevolent Fund.—The envelope and card were designed by Mr. F. E. Baines, C.B., Assistant Secretary to the Post Office.



THE Licensing Clauses having disappeared from the Local Taxation Bill, the whole aspect of the House of Commons has changed. After the storm has come the calm, and through this week the House has been as dull as last week it was excited. The Government find themselves in the peculiar position of having raised a considerable sum of money for which, up to the present time, no means of appropriation is provided. The extra sixpence a gallon on spirits, and the increased revenue arising out of the readjustment of the Beer Duties, is flowing in, and the House of Commons has decided that it shall not be distributed among retiring publicans as was originally intended. But there is the money; something must be done with it, and Her Majesty's Ministers, naturally anxious to avoid further mistake, have taken a long time to consider the matter.

In the mean while, party conflict being intermitted, there has followed the usual impetus in the course of public business. The Home Secretary has found opportunity to introduce his Police Bill; or, as he courteously insists upon putting it, the Bill devised by Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Henry Fowler when they were in office. That is an admission astutely insisted upon. Mr. Matthews wants to pass his Bill, and does not greatly care who personally gets the credit of it, so that the measure be passed. By publicly fathering it upon his predecessor at the Home Office, he made it difficult for even Sir William Harcourt to pick holes in the plan. The scheme succeeded admirably. Sir William Harcourt assumed a benevolent paternal attitude towards the Bill, which found general favour, varied only by an amendment by Mr. Storey, declaring that the question of superannuation of the police should be left to the local authorities. On this the debate ostensibly turned, but it was confined chiefly to the provisions of the measure, which was finally read a second time without a division.

In both Houses the cession of Heligoland has been made the subject of inquiry. In the Peers Lord Rosebery came forward and harped on the question of the willingness of the Heligolanders to be transferred. Ministers in both Houses have repeatedly affirmed that the people of Heligoland were perfectly satisfied with the change, but have not been so clear in their statements of the means by which this conclusion was arrived at. Lord Salisbury, pressed

on the point, said the communications which had passed on this subject were of a confidential character. Lord Granville put the pertinent and unanswered question whether the communications had been confidentially carried on with the population of Heligoland? One thing has been made clear, that the ratification of the Treaty with Germany is dependent upon the consent of Parliament. A copy of the Treaty will forthwith be laid on the table of both Houses and a Bill brought in approving the arrangement. This will afford opportunity for debate, but it does not yet appear that the Opposition will venture to divide against the Treaty.

Mr. Gladstone, it has been observed, has warily held aloof from personally associating himself even with inquiry on the subject. As for his Radical following below the gangway they are, to some extent, embarrassed by the peculiar circumstance that, the question of Heligoland chancing to come up in Committee of Supply, they were actually urging the Government to abandon the island at the very moment when secret negotiations were going forward, having that object in view. The bitterest opponents of that arrangement are to be found on the Conservative side. But they are not likely to array themselves in open revolt. For all practical purposes the Treaty may be regarded as definitively arranged.

Very considerable progress has been made this week with the legislative programme of the Government. Four important Bills, one involving the expenditure of many millions, have passed through their final stages. These are the Inland Revenue Regulation Bill, the Scotch Corrupt Practices Bill, the Education Code Bill, and the Barracks Bill. The Bill which establishes the new Education Code marks one of the modest successes of the Government, apt to grow obscured under the storm and stress that has been created by the hapless Compensation Bill. Sir William Dyke has succeeded in the difficult task of pleasing the Opposition without arousing uneasy feeling among his old political friends. Never since the Education Department was created has a New Code been received with such a chorus of approval as was that laid on the table this Session.

As for the Barracks Bill, it is a measure in the hands of Mr. Stanhope, by which it is designed, at considerable cost, to remove the scandals which, at Dublin and elsewhere, attend the housing of the army. As the means of carrying out the scheme involve the pledging of Imperial credit for a number of years, there was, at the outset, a disposition shown by purists of finance to oppose the Bill. But this, never very fierce, finally died out, and the Barracks

Bill has during the week passed through Committee, and been read a third time, almost without a word of comment, and none at all of controversy. The appearance of Mr. Stanhope in charge of the Bill came opportunely to remind the House that we still have a War Minister on the Treasury Bench. Looking closer, it will be found that there is also a First Lord of the Admiralty; though, in the present condition of affairs, these two important Ministers have so entirely fallen into the background that their very existence is forgotten. Happy is the country that has no annals. Happier still the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War, who may sit undisturbed on the Treasury Bench whilst their colleagues in other departments are being hammered at with questions, or are called upon to spend laborious nights in defence of unpopular measures. Every Minister has his turn—Sir James Fergusson for the Foreign Office, Baron de Worms for the Colonies, Mr. Raikes for the Post Office, Mr. Ritchie for the Local Government Board, Mr. Goschen for his financial schemes, and, above all, Mr. Balfour for Ireland. But whilst these are nightly brought up to the Parliamentary whipping-post, the heads of the two great spending departments are allowed to sit in peaceful obscurity at the lower end of the Treasury Bench.

The Western Australia Bill, which has filled a considerable place in the week's work in the Commons, has created a curious state of affairs. It is of course, a Government measure, and, equally of course, is opposed by gentlemen opposite. But it finds one of its warmest defenders on the Front Opposition Bench. Mr. Morley, having sat on the Select Committee to which it was referred, being profoundly convinced that the arguments raised against it by Sir George Campbell, Mr. Channing, and others are fallacious, gives his hearty support to the Government in carrying the measure. In these circumstances the Opposition was only a half-hearted affair, and though prolonged for the delivery of a succession of speeches, did not go the length of a division. The Bill having passed through Committee, it seemed for a moment probable that the third reading might forthwith be taken—an act possible only with the gracious approval of the Opposition. But Mr. Conyngham and Mr. Wallace, resenting the application of the Closure on Monday night, were not in kindly mood, and so the Bill stood over for its final reading till Thursday, adding one more to the quite respectable list of Government Bills that have made substantial progress through the week.



AT THE USUAL WEEKLY MEETING of the County Council it was decided, on the proposition of Lord Rosebery, to send a communication to Lady Magheramorne, expressing regret at the death of the late Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The Parliamentary Committee presented a report with reference to the London Streets (Strand Improvement) Bill, 1890. It was resolved to abandon the Strand improvement in consequence of the betterment proposals being vetoed in the House of Commons, and Mr. Costelloe gave notice that he would move that the Strand Improvement Bill in its present form be referred back to the Parliamentary Committee with instructions to bring it up to the Council at a future date.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE REFUSAL of the Chief Commissioner to allow a general meeting of members of the metropolitan force at Bow Street on Tuesday last, no representatives of other divisions put in an appearance. An informal meeting, however, of police belonging to the Bow Street division was held in the Library, and a discussion took place. It is stated by one constable who was present, that the men have received a hint from those in authority, that if they abandon their claim for re-adjustment of the Pensions' scale, the other points will be conceded to them. They have accordingly prepared a petition, in which the claim regarding the pensions is not included. The men of the Bow Street division now profess themselves content to abide by the decision of the Commissioner, and will confine themselves to the methods permitted by the authorities in making known their wants.

ON TUESDAY MR. STANLEY had an interview with the Committee of the Church Missionary Society. Mr. Stanley gave accounts of his intercourse with Mr. Mackay and with the Christians of Uganda, and dwelt on the wide field now open to missionary effort, and of the importance of the proposed steamers on the Victoria Nyanza. About 150 members were present, and among

others were Lord Belmore, the Bishop of Sierra Leone, the Bishop of Mauritius, Bishop Alford, Archdeacon Richardson, and several members of Parliament.

THE AGITATION AMONG THE POSTMEN has increased during the past week, and it looks as if matters were becoming serious. On Sunday last, a meeting of postmen and their sympathisers, convened by the Postmen's Union, was held near the Reformers' Tree, Hyde Park. Speeches in support of the policy of the Union were made by members of other Societies, but the men were unwisely enough to allow themselves to be led away by the rumour that spies were present with the intention of reporting the postmen at the meeting. Mr. Fox, an official in the E.C. district, was mobbed and subjected to much abuse and ill-usage by the crowd, and several others were attacked and had to claim police protection. Such proceedings as these will not impress the public very favourably, and will do more harm than good to the postmen's cause.

THE TREASURY STATEMENT, which was issued on June 30th, shows that the gross Revenue of the United Kingdom for the past quarter amounted to 21,468,644*l.* as against 20,322,027*l.* in the corresponding period of last year. The sum transferred to the local taxation account was 338,820*l.* as against 160,520*l.* The receipts from the Customs show an increase of 190,000*l.* from 465,000*l.* and from stamps 460,000*l.* Fortune still favours Mr. Goschen.

A MIXED COMMITTEE of scientific and business men has been formed to investigate the distribution of coal measures in the south-east of England by means of borings and sinkings. The Committee hopes to obtain a sufficient sum by public subscription and donation to enable the work to be properly carried out, and no assistance will be given to any attempt which does not seem to the geologists concerned likely to lead to some valuable result. The President has not yet been selected, but the Vice-Presidents are Earl Amherst and the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, and the Chairman of Committee is Professor McKenny Hughes.

AT THE DINAS STEAM-COAL COLLIERIES, RHONDDA VALLEY, some four hundred miners have had narrow escapes from drowning. For twenty years water has been accumulating in an abandoned shaft close by the Dinas Colliery, and suddenly this water burst in from the disused workings upon the miners in the colliery. The alarm was quickly given, and it was feared that many of the miners would be drowned; but, fortunately, the men were able to escape along the higher workings, and to reach the pit's mouth in safety.

OUR OBITUARY this week includes the death of Lord Carnarvon, who was born in 1831, and succeeded his father as fourth Earl in 1840.



HENRY HOWARD MOLYNEUX HERBERT
Fourth Earl of Carnarvon
Born June 24, 1831. Died June 23, 1890

tions of Colonial defence and policy, having acquired a thorough mastery of the subject. His death occurred at half-past five on Saturday last, at the family residence, Portman Square.—Lord Magheramorne, whose death took place



SIR JAMES MCGAREL-HOGG
First Baron Magheramorne
Born 1823. Died June 27, 1890

returned to Parliament at the General Election of 1885.—The deaths are also announced of his Honour C. S. Mein, Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court at Brisbane; of Mr. Jordan, the first Agent-General for Queensland in London; of the Rev. E. D. G. M. Kirwan, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; of Lady Devereux, wife of Sir Joseph Devereux, at Windsor; of Mr. Edward Grubb, at Tatterdown, Bristol, who died at the age of 109, of apoplexy; of Mr. Richard Barker, of Maltin, in consequence of being knocked down by a horse; of the Hon. A. W. McLellan, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia; of Professor Glasgow, D.D., of Belfast; and of Mr. Donald Spence, of the Consular Service in China, who thoroughly explored the gorges and rapids of the Upper Yangtze.

HOLLAND intends to reorganise her Army and Navy, following the present mania for increased armaments. A Bill has been laid before the Dutch Parliament, raising the Army to 115,000 men, with a reserve of 50,000. Personal service will be obligatory, the term being fixed at thirteen years for the Army, and eleven for the Navy. On leaving active service every eligible man will be included in the *Landsturm* up to forty years of age.



THE TURF.—The racing at Stockbridge last week does not call for much remark. Events were many, but fields were small. Several owners not hitherto seen in the racing-saddle were among the jockeys, and Tom Cannon was, as usual, in great form. Mr. Brodrick Cloete's Cereza won the Hurstbourne Stakes, and the Duke of Westminster's Adieu the Stockbridge Foal Stakes. At Gosforth Park the chief event was the Northumberland Plate, or "Pitmen's Derby," for which there were twelve runners. Of these Mr. J. Lowther's Houndsditch was made favourite, and justified public confidence by winning cleverly from Colonel North's Royal Star. By the way, the "Nitrate King" must be rather tired of running second for important stakes. Mr. H. Milner's Shall We Remember won the North Derby, and Mr. J. Lowther was again successful in the Seaton Delaval Plate, secured by Cleator. At Windsor the Royal Plate might have puzzled Sam Weller, for while the favourite was "nowhere," Noverre was first. The Summer Handicap fell to Freemason, and the Athens Plate to St. Cyr.

The St. Leger market has undergone no change of importance. Heaume, Memoir, Oddfellow, Blue-Green, and Right Away have all been accorded a good measure of support.

Owing, doubtless, to the successes of Memoir and Sainfoin, both of whom hailed from Hampton Court, the Royal yearlings disposed of on Saturday brought unprecedented prices. A sister to Memoir was bought by Lord Marcus Beresford (acting for Baron Hirsch) for 5,500*gs.*, the highest price ever given for a yearling in this country; the same bidder gave 1,000*gs.* for a sister to Sainfoin; Lord Randolph Churchill gave 1,750*gs.* for a half-brother to Fitzhampton; and the Duke of Westminster secured a nice filly by Hampton—Gallantry for 400*gs.* less. Altogether the twenty lots fetched 15,000*l.*, an average of 750*l.* each.

CRICKET.—Miserable weather for the University Match has only too often had to be recorded, but we doubt whether any year—even 1888 of evil memory—was worse in this respect than 1890. There was no play on the first day; on the second there was about two hours' "mudlarking"—it could not be styled cricket—during which Messrs. Woods and Streatfield disposed of the Dark Blues for the miserable total of 42, and the Cantabs lost three wickets for 40. Next day the weather improved considerably. The Light Blues finished their innings for 97. Oxford made 108 in their second essay, and Cambridge knocked off the 54 required for the loss of three wickets.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Championship Tournament at Wimbledon has been in progress this week, but has been much interrupted by rain. Strange to say, both E. Renshaw and H. F. Lawford scratched to their opponents.—In boxing circles the topics of the week have been the defeat of "Nunc" Wallace by Dixon, a "coloured" youth from America, and the "sparring match" (on paper) between Slavin and the "Californian Giant," McAuliffe, who, it will be remembered, was defeated by Jackson.—In a second sculling race between Stansbury and O'Connor the former again proved successful.



THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Church Defence Institution has unanimously adopted the following resolution, and forwarded it to the Government:—"That this Institution, in view of the urgent representations received by the Committee as to the serious effects likely to arise to the interests of the Church, especially in Wales, in case of the failure of Parliament to deal with the question of tithe during the present Session, desires to impress upon the Government the paramount necessity of passing at least those clauses of their Bill which relate to the recovery of tithes."

THE RESTORATION OF THE CHURCH OF ST. SAVIOUR'S, Southwark, is now almost completed, and the Prince of Wales has consented to lay the memorial stone of the nave on the 24th inst.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE WITHDRAWAL of the Clergy Discipline Bill, the meeting of the Lower House of York Convocation, summoned for Thursday, July 3rd, for the purpose of discussing the matter, did not take place. On Monday last, after morning service in York Minster, the Dean of York, acting as Commissary for the Archbishop, accompanied by Canon Raine, and the Diocesan Registrar, Mr. H. A. Hudson, proceeded to the Chapter House, and formally prorogued Convocation to Tuesday, August 26th.

SIR J. PARKER DEANE, O.C., the Vicar-General, attended on Tuesday at the Board Room of Queen Anne's Bounty Office, Westminster, and, under a commission from the Archbishop of Canterbury, prorogued the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury from that date until Tuesday, November 4th, next. Sir John Hassard, the Archbishop's Registrar, was present.

THE DEAN OF DURHAM is appealing for funds to enable the Chapter-House of the Cathedral to be completely restored as a memorial to the late Bishop, and also to erect a figure effigy of Dr. Lightfoot in the Cathedral. A large amount has already been subscribed, but a considerable sum is still required for the carrying out of the design.

THE REV. H. J. BULKELEY, Vicar of Lanercost, has been nominated by the Earl of Carlisle to the living of Morpeth, which is worth 1,200*l.* a year.

THE REV. THOMAS HOWARD GILL, Senior Chaplain of the English Colony in Paris, has been appointed to an incumbency at Tonbridge, Kent, and will, in consequence, leave the French capital in a short time. Mr. Gill has now officiated for seven years in Paris, and has gained the respect and goodwill of the entire colony. Overwork is said to be the reason of Mr. Gill's coming to England, and relinquishing his work in Paris.

THE BISHOP OF ELY opened a new church in the cathedral city on Monday last. The church, which is dedicated to St. Peter, has been erected by Mrs. Sparke, in memory of her husband, the late Rev. Edward Bowyer Sparke, Canon of Ely. It will seat two hundred and fifty persons, and has cost 4,000*l.*

THE LORD CHANCELLOR has presented the Rev. S. W. Stevens, Vicar of Burley, Hants, to the Rectory of St. Lawrence, Southampton, vacant by the preferment of the Rev. H. H. Pereira to Chilbolton.—The Rev. F. T. Hetling has been appointed to the living of Christ Church, Albany Street, in succession to Bishop Festing.

THE PLATE OF THE POSTAL JUBILEE ENVELOPE issued on Wednesday was broken up formally before the Post Office Authorities as soon as the required number of envelopes had been printed.



THE WHITCHURCH SALVATION ARMY CASE was heard on Tuesday before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury. Mr. Herbert Booth, Mr. Barnett, and Mr. H. H. Richardson, a solicitor, were charged with committing a nuisance at common law by obstructing and disturbing the highway at Whitchurch, Hants, in October last. The case was removed to the Central Criminal Court on account of local prejudice. Half way through the case the Lord Chief Justice directed that Mr. Richardson should be acquitted, and in the case of the other defendants, his lordship, in summing-up, observed that people had a right to hold a meeting provided they did nothing unlawful. It was a matter of give and take, and people must submit to little temporary inconveniences, or the world would not go on at all. The question was had there been a real and substantial nuisance. The jury, after a very short consultation, returned a verdict of not guilty.

AN INTERESTING CASE OF COMPENSATION FOR DAMAGES was decided in the Court of Appeal on Monday. A Leeds detective, named Filburn, was being shown over the Aquarium at Scarborough by the manager, when a performing elephant rushed at him and struck him violently on the chest with his trunk, breaking his chest-bone and several of his ribs. At Leeds, before Mr. Justice Day, the plaintiff was awarded 125*l.* damages, and the defendants now appealed. Their lordships dismissed the appeal, and affirmed the judgment for the plaintiff, on the ground that an elephant belonged not to the class of domestic animals known to the English law as harmless, but to a class which an owner kept at his own risk.

MR. A. LABOUCHERE, of Hooton Levitt Hall, near Sheffield, was, on Monday, fined 100*l.* with costs as between solicitor and client, for committing what Mr. Justice Denman described as a most outrageous contempt of court, by frightening a solicitor's clerk named Beale who was sent to serve a writ upon him. It was alleged that Mr. Labouchere had set his hounds upon the clerk, but the judge held that the defendant had not intended any serious mischief should happen to Mr. Beale, but merely to frighten him. Mr. Labouchere was therefore fined for his contempt of court in attempting to frighten the server of the writ. In Lever's novels writ-servers had to go through a great deal of this sort of thing from the Irish landlords, but what is amusing in a novel becomes contempt of court in English life.

ON FRIDAY LAST the Court of Session at Edinburgh awarded Mr. George Fowler, a commercial traveller, of Aberdeen, 1,500*l.* damages against the Great North of Scotland Railway Company for injuries received in a collision at Huntly station.

THE STANDING COMMITTEE ON LAW met on Thursday to proceed with Mr. Ritchie's Bills for the amendment and consolidation of the law relating to workmen's dwellings. Mr. Osborne Morgan is Chairman of the Committee.

THOMAS HARDY, known as the Kentish Town murderer, has been found guilty of the wilful murder of Florence Verney in May last, and sentenced to death.

THE Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Wills, sitting in the Queen's Bench Division, on Wednesday, granted a rule nisi calling upon the Vicar of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, to show cause why a mandamus should not issue directing him to hold a vestry meeting for the election of a Churchwarden. This was a complicated case, as both the vicar and one of the churchwardens had presided at opposition meetings to elect churchwardens, but the gentlemen elected at these meetings had refused to serve. The difficulty was that a proceeding by *quo warranto* did not apply to the office of churchwarden, and the only course was by mandamus to the vicar to hold another meeting, but he refused to submit himself to the indignity of another one. In the end their Lordships granted a rule nisi.

AN ANNUAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT is to be organised at Melbourne, modelled on the recent display in London.

PILGRIMAGES TO MECCA being the fruitful means of spreading disease, the French Government have forbidden any such expeditions from Algeria and Tunis this year, for fear of cholera.

THE SEARCH FOR COAL IN KENT is to be resumed under a Special Committee of geological experts, Kentish landowners and others interested in the scheme. The coal seams at Dover will be investigated first, and search made for similar deposits along the line from Dover to Radstock.

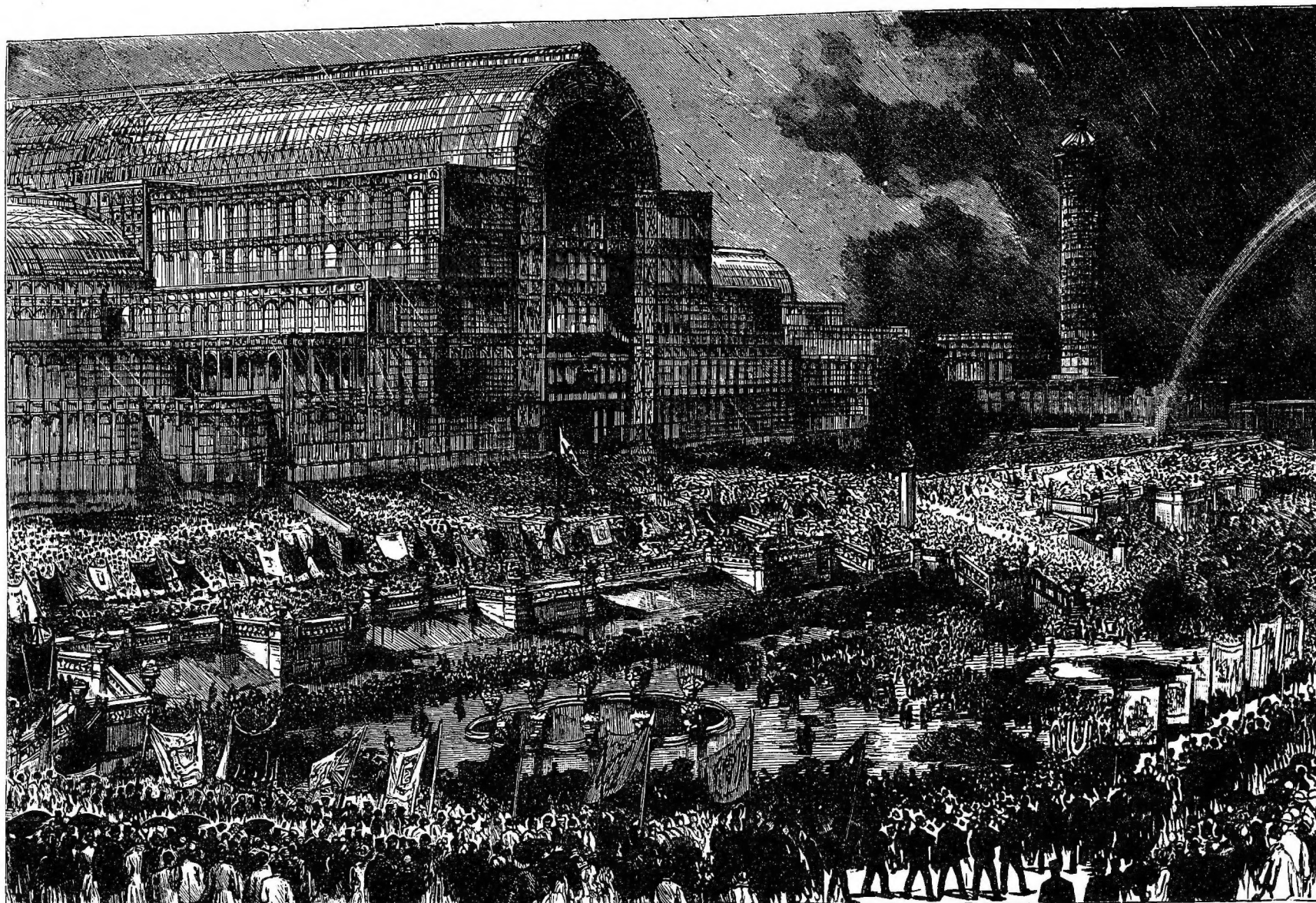
ENGLISH IS SPOKEN by nearly 31 per cent. of the inhabitants of the world. At the beginning of this century French and German were the languages most in use, but British colonists in North America, Australasia, and South Africa have raised their native tongue to the head of the list. German and Russian come second, while France takes the third place.

THE ENGLISH LOVE OF DANCING still puzzles lazy Orientals. At a recent ball at Rangoon two native grooms were watching the festivities from a verandah, and one of the observers asked his companion why the couples walked about after each dance. The other groom described the reason in staid phraseology—"The Sahibs run the Mems and Missies round to make them hot, and then walk them round to cool them down."

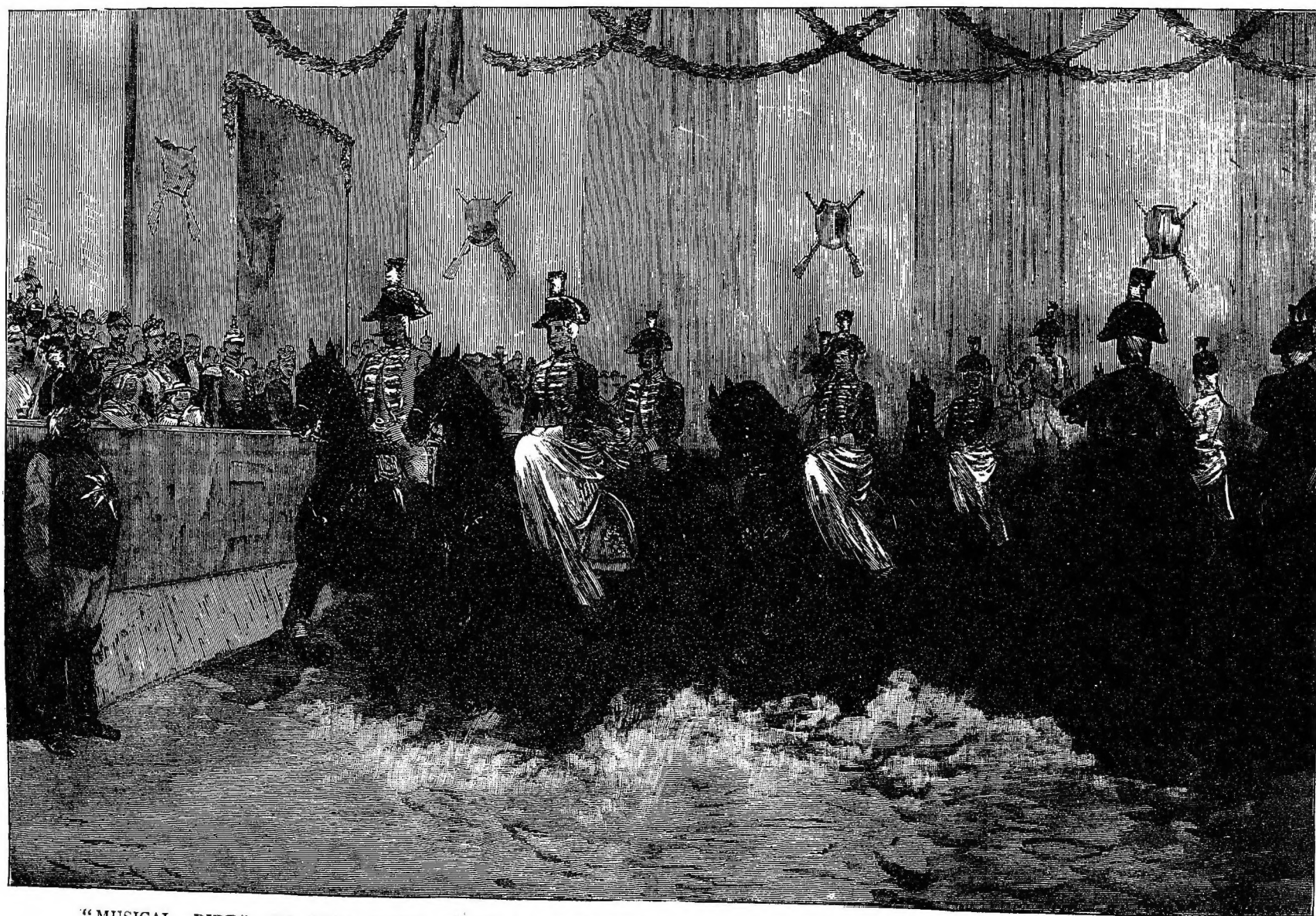
THE NEW FRENCH HOSPITAL in Shaftesbury Avenue was opened on Thursday last by the French Ambassador. To-day (Saturday) M. Waddington opens at two o'clock the Fête Française at the French Exhibition. The celebrated band of the Republican Guard from Paris will, by special permission of the French Government, come to London for that day only, and play during the afternoon. A stall in the Exhibition is now devoted to the sale of *L'Ét*, the French edition of *The Graphic* Summer Number. The profits derived from the sale will be devoted to the Hospital.

THE CZAR AND THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY have not yet forgotten their narrow escape from death in the railway accident of two years ago, and besides the memorial on the actual site of the disaster, a monster commemorative monument is now proposed at Moscow. It would stand opposite the Kremlin, and would consist of a bell-shaped structure, surmounted by a tower and cupola in Byzantine style, the whole rising to a height of 610 feet. The monument would be divided into four stories—first, the pedestal; next, a belfry, containing the broken bell of Ivan-Velik, restored by electricity; a church on the third floor; and the fourth, completed by the tower.

LONDON MORTALITY last week reached the lowest point recorded this year. The deaths numbered 1,346, against 1,387 during the previous seven days, being a decrease of 41, and at the rate of 15.9 per 1,000. Fatalities from diseases of the respiratory organs diminished to 206—a fall of 9, and 6 below the average. There were 101 deaths from measles (a rise of 2), 52 from whooping cough (a decline of 14), 51 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an advance of 27), 24 from diphtheria (an increase of 5), 9 from enteric fever (a rise of 3), 2 from choleraic diarrhoea (equal to last week), and 2 from typhus (an advance of 2). Different forms of violence caused 49 casualties, including 5 murders and 6 suicides. There were 2,359 births registered—an increase of 217.



THE GREAT UNIONIST FÊTE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE



"MUSICAL RIDE" OF THE FIRST PRUSSIAN LIFE GUARDS BEFORE THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT POTSDAM



"RAMBLES in the Black Forest," by Henry W. Wolf (Longmans, Green, and Co.). Considering the beauty and interest of the country, it may seem surprising that so few English people take the trouble to visit the Black Forest. But in the matter of holiday-making, as in most other things, we are very much like sheep going through a gap—where one leads the others follow, and Switzerland and the Rhine have so long had the monopoly of visitors to that part of Europe, that it will need the *dicta* of at least two fashionable doctors to drive travellers out of the beaten track into the Black Forest. Mr. Wolf's book will do much to create an interest in the country, for he is an enthusiast, and enthusiasts frequently end by persuading others. The author has evidently lived among the peasantry, for he describes their manners and customs in full detail, and gives very interesting accounts of their weddings, their houses, their meals, their Christmas and other holiday festivities, their harvests, and their dress. He has something to say of most of the villages, mountains, and valleys in the district, and many stories and legends to tell of the old castles and convents, as well as of the fairies and other supernatural personages who make the Black Forest their home. Mr. Wolf has filled his book with information, and everyone who contemplates a visit to the country he describes should take his book with them.

"A Century of Painters of the English School," by Richard Redgrave, C.B., R.A., and Samuel Redgrave (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, Limited). This is a second edition abridged, and continued to the present time, of Mr. Redgrave's admirable handbook to the English School of painting. For too long English Art and artists were belittled and neglected on the assumption that Art could not flourish on English soil, and no history of the rise and progress of painting in England was available to the student. It was to do away with this reproach that Mr. Richard Redgrave wrote the first edition of this volume some five-and-twenty years ago, and it is now generally realised that in modern Europe there are only two Schools of Art, the English and the French, the artists of nearly every country taking the Parisian masters as their guides and models. The author begins at the beginning, and traces English art from the first-known English painters to the great artists who have recently died. Painters still living are, very wisely, not dealt with, for the book aims at being a history of English art, and it would be difficult in many cases to assign to living artists their true place in the history of Art. Mr. Redgrave's book will be found of great use to all students and amateurs who wish to know something of English art and artists in times past.

"Fundamental Problems," by Dr. Paul Carus (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago). This volume consists of a collection of essays which first appeared in an American periodical known as the *Open Court*. It professes to be the method of philosophy as a systematic arrangement of knowledge, and is, in the words of the author, "a protest against the halfness of Agnosticism, and a rejection of the perverted ethics of shallow Hedonism." The author has expended a great deal of thought and a great deal of labour on his subject, but these speculations are in the long run much akin to those of the Rabbins of old, who argued long and hotly on the number of angels that could at one and the same time dance upon a needle's point; and in America people are too busy using their needles to do more than dance themselves should they tread upon an upturned point.

"Talks with Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Charles J. Woodbury (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited). Mr. Woodbury seems to aspire to be in some degree the Boswell of his hero; but he has none of Boswell's charm and sweet simplicity. There is much in the little volume that is well worth reading; but the style is so affected, and the choice of words so fantastic, that the reader's patience is exhausted before the volume, short as it is, is read half through. If Mr. Woodbury will rewrite the book in simple English, admirers of Mr. Emerson will be glad enough to read it.

"Sketches of British Sporting Fishes," by John Watson (Chapman and Hall, Limited). Mr. Watson is a lover of the gentle art, and is plainly of opinion that the game-fish who battles for his life in the deep pool or the rushing stream is quite as fit a subject for a biographical sketch as many a complacent member of the rod and gaff-wielding species; and he has therefore written a series of sketches of British Sporting Fishes for his brother anglers, and for those benighted persons who have never caught a fish in their lives. The salmon, the trout, the grayling, the pike, and the perch are all passed in review, as well as the lesser kinds of game-fish, and of each and all Mr. Watson has something interesting to say. The book is written in straightforward sportsmanlike fashion, and will interest the schoolboy with his first set of tackle as well as the past-master in the craft of old Isaac Walton.

"Memorie d'un Fanciullo," by Giulio Carcano (Librairie Hachette et Co.). This little volume, which contains two short novels by Giulio Carcano—"Memorie d'un Fanciullo" and "Il Capellano della Rovella"—has been capitally edited, with notes and a vocabulary, by the Rev. A. C. Clapin. The two stories are charmingly written; and, as the language is very simple, they may safely be recommended to those who are beginning the study of Italian.

"Le Feste del Maggio, 1887," by Aurelio Gotti (Salvadore Laudi, Firenze). In 1887 the city of Florence instituted a magnificent series of *fêtes* in honour of the completion of the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, and of the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Donatello. The history of the great festival, and of the balls, processions, and pageants which went to make it up, was entrusted to Signor Aurelio Gotti by the Marquess Pietro Torrigiani, the Syndic of Florence. The celebration was worthy of the lovely city which was for six years the capital of modern Italy, and Signor Gotti has done his work gracefully and well.

A neat shilling volume is Mr. Henry Drummond's "Nyassaland" (Hodder and Stoughton). The five chapters of this book are reprinted from the author's larger work, "Tropical Africa." We may be the more glad that Nyassaland is taken under our protection when we remember that—in the western part of it, at least—the thriving settlements, the schools and churches, the roads and trading stations of Western Nyassaland are English. Moreover, Mr. Drummond knows how to picture to us very vividly the wonder and the pathos of African savage life.

Lovers of animate life in Nature will not fail to appreciate Mr. Charles Dixon's "Stray Feathers from Many Birds: being Leaves from a Naturalist's Note-Book" (W. H. Allen), with numerous illustrations by Charles Whympers. The author informs us that twenty years' knocking about among birds and beasts at home and abroad has furnished him with a great variety of notes concerning their habits, economy, and haunts. An especially practical and interesting chapter is that on "The Commercial and Economic Value of Birds." Of certain people who regard the naturalist's experiences as though they were mere travellers' tales, the author observes:—"Such people have no gift for observation: they have only to learn the secret which will admit them into Nature's confidences. They go noisily along the lanes, and crash through the woods, disturbing every living creature in them; their sense of hearing is not trained to distinguish the low sweet voices and subdued

sounds of the woods; and their eyes are unable to give those rapid glances which must see everything with no conscious effort. I firmly believe that it is this want of training in woodcraft which prevents many people from acquiring tastes for Natural History."

IN DAMP QUARTERS

ONE fine morning in the summer of Tennyson's "three strong eights," our yacht *Octopus* was bound for Mingalay, one among the flock of islets which lie southward from Barra, the southernmost of the larger Hebrides. On the way thither we passed close by a chain of seemingly-uninhabited green specks, which two of our party conceived a strong desire to explore; and, as the one that lay nearest to our course showed an easy landing-place, our skipper allowed us to be rowed ashore, with the prospect of being picked up again towards evening. Here our satisfaction at having gained our point was soon very literally damped by the discovery that we had been deposited upon an aggravated form of bog. The islet's soil seemed to be the converse, as it were, of what chemists call a saturated solution, holding in suspension the largest quantity of liquid possible without itself becoming positively fluid. The seaweedy sand-strip whereupon we had landed was tolerably firm, but at the first step planted on what we had taken from the deck for a pleasant grass-sward, the water squelched over our boots, with increasing copiousness the further we advanced inland, until we saw the coarse blades and tufted rushes pricking up through a network of shallow pools.

As the *Octopus*, however, was gone beyond recall, we had for several ensuing hours no resource but to stick to our new territories "through moist and dry," and the latter element being most apparent on the beach, we began a somewhat dejected circumambulation over crumbling sand and slippery boulders, in progress of which we came, unexpectedly round a corner, upon a small, ragged, elderly man, accompanied by a large white gull, very tame and lame, who kept close to his heels in a shambling lopsided fashion, while he sauntered along the shore. Upon accosting this person, we found that, though at first slow of comprehension and speech, probably for want of practice, he "ha'd the Sassenach," in the form of some remarkably broad Scotch. A few preliminary observations having been made: "Ye'll ha' come in the bit boatie I wass seein' skytin' awa' yonder?" he said, "but I'm thinkin' ye'll no be intil her agin this day. Luik till the water behint ye," he continued, pointing in the direction from which we had come, as we demanded the grounds of this ominous prediction; and, scrambling up an intervening bank, we stood amazed; for, behold, our one islet, had become two. We had, in fact, unwittingly passed the mouth of the tideway running from the east to the western shore, and through this the waves had now begun to tumble merrily, cutting us off from the sandy spit on which we had landed. "Theer's no anither nuik a boatie wud be comin' nigh awa'," the old man averred, with too much truth, for encircling rock-rims left no other point safely accessible from the seaward. The channel was of no great width, and to wade over was our first impulse, but the old man strongly deprecated such an attempt: "It's no that deep," said he, "but gin theer's a drappie i' the tideway, the sand 'll be dirlin' that gate," and, as he spoke, he made the pointed end of a long iron rod which he carried revolve in the quaking soil with a grimly realistic effect. "Ye might ferry weel ha' happint intil aune o' the saft places comin' owre the noo, for they're unco camsteery gin a body dinna ken them," quoth he. Whereupon, as quicksands are not things to be trifled with, we abandoned all hopes of rejoining our fellow-voyagers before next low water.

We sought to mitigate the tedium of our detention by engaging this new acquaintance in much discourse, which, we must fear, took the shape of "How is it that you live, and what is it you do?" to an extent scarcely customary in more polished circles. The islet's name, we understood him to say, was nothing less than Blescafintrimanefan, which, like Mrs. Todgers's Tamaroo, would have "seemed an impossibility" to any one unfamiliar with the curiosities of Gaelic nomenclature. He lived upon it with his wife and her brother, but "Jock" was away now herring-fishing off Skye. He'd be home in another month or so, with provisions from Portree, unless the take turned out as badly as last year; in that case, they would have to do with what they could get "here awa'"—fish and such-like. "I ha' seen this strand just crawlin' wi' the big crabbies," said the old man, "but that would be ainst in a way. Mostly I'll be gettin' periwinkles aff the stanes." To-day he was in quest of the razor-fish, who, no less than the ghost of Hamlet's father, is "a worthy pioner," and can "work i' the earth"—or rather the mud—"so fast," that unless he is promptly disinterred with the pointed rod above mentioned he wiggles himself securely out of reach. Using this bait, the old man said that he caught a fair amount of fluke and flounders. He occasionally knocked down a sea-bird, and the edible seaweed, here called "slawk," was sometimes to be had; but it sounded, upon the whole, a dreary bill of fare. He had tried to grow oats, and had been baffled by "win' and wat'," and now he had a patch of "tatars" planted: "But I ken richt weel that ilka aune o' them'll be black i' the inside—ilka aune," he affirmed, with a kind of sombre satisfaction in his own foresight.

"Ay, it's lonesome eneuch," he said, in reply to a question, "we wass havin' mair company in our bit place owre yonder on Skye, nigh about the Cuchullins."

"And what brought you so far west?" one of us inquired, rather indifferently. His answer was almost startlingly brief.

"Sheep!" he said, with a sudden bitterness of tone and look, and said no more, seeming as if he could not trust himself to enlarge upon the subject; and we prudently followed his example.

In the course of conversation he told us the history of his tame gull—how his wife had seen it "hirplin' about the door" one day after a storm, and had thrown it a bit of food, and how it had attached itself to them ever since. "And her is mair remarkable cute," said he, "ye see, bein' crupple o' the ane leg and wing, her canna win owre the banks, but her's that waury, her kens as weel as mesel' when the tide's on the turn, and her peeks me shins waeft' unless I carry her doon here to luik after the mussels and clams." To which recital the bird apparently listened with an expression of countenance shrewd enough to argue it quite capable of adopting such a line of conduct.

Later on he pointed us out his dwelling house, at the foot of a slope, a windowless, chimneyless cabin, built of sods and rough stones—undeniably a miserable habitation. But the old man repeated so often and so emphatically his protestations about its being unfit for "gentlemen to set fut in," and made such a point of the impassable swampiness of the intervening ground that we thought some other reason must lie behind. And this proved to be the case. For before long his dread of appearing inhospitable, poor soul, overcame his reserve, and he volunteered the following statement: "Theer's ne'er a sensebly body i' the country than me puir wife is when her's hersel'." But while her will be troubled i' the wits like, and then ther'll be nae person will ha' mair whigmaleeries. And her's been that gate, puir woman, this long while the noo—theer's nae kennin' but her might be for gi'in some a crack wi' a peat sod or a clump of a stane," he added significantly, after a pause.

We hastened to assure him of our preference for the open air as earnestly as was by any means compatible with politeness, and almost more so than was consistent with truth, for we saw the ominous powdered-slate-coloured mist drifting in from the west-

ward, and knew that the sequel would be—as indeed it was—a wet and windy evening. About six o'clock the *Octopus* steamed up, no doubt, as we remorsefully reflected, hurrying back to get under the lee of Barra for the night, but she soon perceived the state of affairs, and stood off again into the thickening haze. By this time the rain was descending in oblique sheets, from which we sought shelter in a convenient hollow among the sandbanks and boulders, where, though water dripped and gurgled all around us, we found in its inmost recesses a reasonably dry spot. Hither the old man brought us some damp flakes of oatcake and two large mugs of a terrific mixture—seemingly warm water, treacle, and peat-mould—which he proudly called tea, and which common humanity compelled us to swallow to the "grounds." Worse still, he shortly afterwards reappeared like a small ragged Samson, bearing on his shoulders his own house-door, which he had incontinently "hove of harre" for our behoof. The blast, he said, was driving right in on us, whilst his house was "grandly sheltered t'ither side of the brae." So, despite our protests, he persisted in propping it up across the entrance to our primitive lodgings, where we spent the brief twilight night, feeling as if with the addition of a cave-bear and a few flint arrow-heads we might have posed as fine specimens of primeval man.

We were, however, modern enough to find sleep unattainable under such unsophisticated conditions, and we rejoiced when, in the "wannish glare" of very early dawn, the old man came with tidings that the water was low, and the "bit boatie" putting off. Not many minutes later we were on board the *Octopus*, where we found our friends disposed to take a charitable view of our troublesome blunder. But we were to revisit Blescafintrimanefan. The old man had sternly refused to accept any remuneration, either for the refreshments supplied, or for the use of his door; and we were therefore glad that our commissariat department permitted us to bring him over an assortment of provisions, which might go some way towards making good deficiencies should his brother-in-law's fishing fail. Even these he would not take without much demur, and when he at last yielded, it was evidently mainly through consideration for the interests of the poor daff woman, of whom we caught a distant glimpse—a tall, gaunt, white-locked figure standing in the black doorway. The object that seemed to take his fancy most was a tin biscuit canister. "Eh, sirs, but that's a braw kist," said he; "theer's no tellin' what a contrivance me auld woman 'll mak o' t, when her 'll come to hersel'," and we left him surveying it with his head on one side, much as his tame gull was wont to eye a promising trail of seaweed.

O. B.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. WILL CARLETON, author of "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," and so on, has issued a shilling edition of his "City Legends" (Sampson Low). The legends are linked together by dialogue, which takes the form of criticism of the matter and sentiment of the poems. Admirers of the author's other works will have no reason to be disappointed with the fare provided for them here. Some of the shorter more serious lyrics are pretty, while Mr. Carleton occasionally reveals a very pleasant quality of humour. He is, perhaps, at his best in the poems of negro life. For instance, we have the old negro preacher consoling the weeping parents for the loss of their little boy in this wise:—

An' he'll get an education dat will probably be worth
Seberal times as much as any you could buy for him on earth;
He'll be in de Lawd's big schoolhouse, without no contempt or fear,
While dere's no end to de bad t'ings might have happened to him here.

"The Earthquake Prayer" is distinctly funny. The violent movement of the ground at Charleston convinced the blacks that the end of the world was come, and the sentiments of his sable fellows are thus phrased by a religious leader:—

... I guess it's come, Lawd—dis yer day we've prayed so long—
For de symptoms all aroun' here dey be mos' tremendous strong;
But we ain't quite ready yet, Lawd, neber min' how well prepared,
We feel safe in Thy good mercy, but we're shellerlastin' scared!
For You see we're mos'ly human when de grave comes re'lly nigh,
An' de spirit wants its freedom, but de flesh it hates to die.
We've been teasin' You for hebbin' all de summer long, I know;
But we ain't in half de hurry dat we was a while ago.

Mr. Carleton can present the negro, however, in an attractive and pathetic light, and generally his muse takes a liberal, broad-minded survey of the drama of existence. There is a fresh, bright, kindliness of soul dominant in "City Legends," which should ensure them a considerable measure of popularity.

"Notes from a Soldier's Diary" (Remington) by Mr. D. E. Mackay, (late) Ninth Queen's Royal Lancers, are observations on the life of the cavalry soldier which might have been in prose, but were, so the author tells us—

Penned in rhyme
To give their chequered links a little "go."

They are well meant, being plainly the honest efforts of a private who has shrewdly noted the common incidents of his lot, and has only made the mistake in which he has had many companions, Bunyan for example among the rest, of endeavouring to render very ordinary perceptions in indifferent verses. Thus we have:—

The Canteen has, and ever will hold sway,
It's meet that boon companions toss their glass!
Failing to draw the line, you make headway,
And the choice bounds of Prudence quickly pass.
Enough is as a feast. A certain class
To art of "standing" are as green as grass.

Messrs. George Routledge and Sons have published in their "Pocket Library" Dante's "Purgatorio." This is a companion volume to the "Inferno," to which we made allusion the other day. Both works are translations by the late Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, from the Italian original.

GROUSE promise well on the Derbyshire moors. Thanks to the mild winter and dry spring the young birds were hatched early, and now are very strong, while there is plenty of food available.

THE FAMOUS TAJ-MAHAL at Agra is to be fitted up with the electric light, so that visitors may not be obliged to wait for moonlight to display Shah Jehan's mausoleum in all its beauty. The light will be placed on the surrounding minarets, in order to throw the main building into relief.

A SPACIOUS BANQUETTING HALL is to be built at Osborne, as at present Osborne House has no suitable accommodation for State ceremonies when any foreign Sovereign visits the Queen. The Hall will be built upon the lawn at the west side of the House, close to Her Majesty's private entrance.

MARGUERITES are certainly the favourite flowers of the season for window-decoration in London, and the Americans are quite as devoted to the big ox-eyed daisy. Indeed, a "daisy party" is one of the most fashionable entertainments among young American girls who have just come out—"buds," as they are called. The whole house is adorned with Marguerites. The hostesses and their guests wear white dresses trimmed with daisies. The same flower appears on the dinner-table, and is imitated in the china dishes; while the whole scheme of decoration is white and yellow, to match the colour of the blossom.



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"CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER OF EMPRESS FREDERICK"
STUDY OF A HEAD BY PROFESSOR F. VON LENBACH



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

She signed to him to read it, which he did, with Lucy still sobbing on his shoulder.

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

CHAPTER XLIX.

It was in the nature of things that Zephany should judge Caroline Leroux less hardly than Rushmere judged her.

It was not merely that she had inflicted a deep wound on the one man's spirit, and had never injured the other; but that Zephany was able to admire certain qualities in her which to Rushmere seemed not admirable at all—nay, rather repulsive. Rushmere was a man of tenacious affections, but somewhat restricted and dogmatic views. His experience of life had been far narrower than Zephany's. For it was observed long ago that the mind is not necessarily enlarged by crossing the seas; and that to change one's sky, by no means involves any change of soul.

Zephany had learned the enormous difficulty of classifying and ticketing off so complex a product as a civilised human being under any epithet comprehensive enough to cover the whole of him; and was apt to judge each individual experimentally on his merits, and even to modify his judgment of the same individual from yesterday to to-day.

Bohemia is more favourable to the development of such a method than the orthodox and respectable world to which Rushmere had belonged all his life; just as an undrilled population will manifest a greater variety of gait and bearing than a regiment of the line. To Zephany there was something fine in the force of resolution with which Madame Leroux, having undertaken to keep herself apart from, and unknown by, her child, had held by that resolution even in a moment of overpowering emotion.

When he narrated the chance-meeting between Lucy and her mother to Rushmere, the latter said, "It was very dangerous to let her speak to Lucy just then! She might have told her! She is not given to curbing her own inclinations and caprices."

"Perhaps she is not wholly singular there," said Zephany, rather drily. "But she can command herself when she desires it, with a wonderful power. When she held her daughter in her arms, she looked up at me for a moment, beseeching. I read the look. It meant, 'I must tell her! Let me tell her!' But I shook my head. It was not easy to resist that look; but I have some force, too, and I resisted. She pushed the girl away from her without another word."

"She could bear to remain apart from her for years, when the child was most in need of a mother's care," answered Rushmere, moodily. "The least she can do is to remain apart now, when it will be a benefit rather than an injury."

"I should hesitate to pronounce what is the least one can do in the way of self-sacrifice. Some persons are able to reduce it to an

invisible point. And having done wrong for a great many years, does not make it easier to do right at last. But the secret is safe, and it is well. That moment's expansion would have gained little, and lost more."

Rushmere's impatience to see and claim his daughter was mingled, now that the moment was so near, with nervous trepidation as to the effect upon her of the revelation he had to make. He did not desire to startle her by giving the tidings too abruptly; and he desired above all that she should be prepared to receive them with some kindness and satisfaction—affection could not be expected yet.

He had debated intently, and with keen anxiety, in what form he should present to Lucy the story of her birth and long abandonment by her parents; and at length, after much wavering and many abortive attempts, he wrote the following letter:—

"You cannot be prepared for what I have to say, for you have been brought up in the belief that your father died before you were born. That was an error. Your father is living, and longs to see you and devote himself to your happiness. You have been told that your mother was a Mrs. Smith, a widow; your mother assumed that name to conceal her real one. There were weighty reasons for keeping your birth secret. What further misstatements were made I am not sure. Some things that she said may have been misapprehended and exaggerated by the hearers; but the statement that you were a fatherless infant was not consciously false. Your mother at that time believed me to have died from the effects of a severe accident in India, which, indeed, disabled me and kept me hovering between life and death for nearly twelve months—me, for I who write these words am your father."

"You have no mother, my poor Lucy, and it is only recently that I learned the fact of your existence. Your mother and I were separated by inexorable circumstances. But, at least, I can relieve your heart of the bitter feeling that you have been wilfully and coldly neglected by both your parents during all these years."

"The one person who inflexibly opposed my marriage with your mother, and thus indirectly caused much wrong and misery, is in his grave. Let us not dwell upon the evil he wrought us."

"If there are many details which I cannot wholly make clear to you, I must trust to your filial piety to believe that I have sufficient reasons for reticence."

"This revelation must, I know, be strange and startling to you. How could it be otherwise? But I may tell you that the circumstances are known to my friend Zephany; and also—in part—to Edgar Tomline. You were christened Harriet Lucile, but your

adopted mother preferred to call you by the name you have always borne. To me, also, you will be Lucy, for by that name I first learned to know you and to appreciate your sweet goodness. My child—my dear, dear daughter, will you try to love me? Let me make some amends for your years of orphanhood, and believe that I am, with the tenderest affection,

"Your loving father,
"R. RUSHMERE."

He was dissatisfied with this letter when he had written it; and yet he could find no words less crude or more eloquent to express what he had to say. The truth was, that no written words at his command would have expressed what he had to say. He thought that if he could see his child, and speak to her face to face, the poorest and most broken phrases would suffice to make her understand how dear she was to him, and how intensely he longed to shield and cherish her, and to make her future life fair and sweet.

He showed the letter to Zephany, who suggested that Lucy's friend, Miss Enderby, should be appealed to, to prepare her in some measure for its reception. He felt that the presence of this dear girl, who had been as a sister to her, would be the best support and comfort that Lucy could have, at the moment of so serious a revolution in her life and associations.

"I saw Mr. Avon, Miss Enderby's cousin, with Mademoiselle Lucy," said Zephany, "and he told me that his cousin was going immediately to her own home, and that Mademoiselle Lucy was to accompany her."

The result of this suggestion on Zephany's part was that Rushmore made an appointment with young Avon to meet him at his hotel. And as soon as the young man appeared, he said, "Mr. Avon, you wrote to ask me for a friendly consultation on business. But I will ask you to postpone your business—unless it be very urgent—and let me beg something of you, instead, which concerns me very nearly."

"By all means," answered Dick, looking grave; for the other man's tone was full of suppressed excitement.

"I want you," said Rushmere, "to do me the great favour of giving me a special line of introduction to Miss Enderby, of Enderby Court, who is, I believe, your cousin."

"She is my cousin. But, if I am not mistaken, you made acquaintance with her at Avonthorpe. She has just been staying there."

"I believe I was presented to her. But I have a favour to ask of her which would scarcely be warranted by a mere passing acquaintance like that."

"I shall be happy to give you a letter to Mildred," said Dick, considerably puzzled. "But you must remember that she is very young—little more than a child. Her aunt, Lady Charlotte Gaunt—whom, by the way, you must have seen years ago—is in the place of a mother to her. And, excuse me, but I think that if you have anything of importance to say, it ought to be addressed in the first instance to Lady Charlotte."

"I have had the honour of knowing Lady Charlotte Gaunt, and, of course, I should ask her permission to have a private interview with her niece. The business on which I am going to Westfield is of such a nature that I feel I need the help in it of a woman's gentleness, and tact, and sympathy. Miss Enderby is young, no doubt. But this is a case in which heart more than head is needed. And I know that she has been an affectionate and loyal friend to the young lady who is the main object of my visit to Westfield."

Dick rose up from his chair. "Do you mean Miss Lucy Marston?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," answered Rushmere. "I mean the young lady who has hitherto been so called. She is now, as I understand, at Enderby Court."

"She went there this morning, with Lady Charlotte and my cousin. I gather, from what you said just now, that you are aware that her real name is Smith?"

"I am aware what her real name is."

"Have you anything new to tell me of her parentage?"

"Pardon me, my dear Mr. Avon, but for the present I cannot say any more. I must wait until I have spoken with herself."

Dick looked at the bronzed, careworn face before him, and was convinced that, whatever the man's errand with Lucy might be, it was neither slight nor frivolous.

"When do you go down?" he asked, after a little silence.

"To-morrow."

"Well—it chances that I am going to Westfield myself, on business. Suppose we travel down together; and suppose that, instead of giving you a letter, I take you to The Court with me, and personally introduce you to my cousin!"

"I shall be grateful," answered Rushmere. And so it was arranged.

When he afterwards mentioned to Zephany that Mr. Avon was going to Westfield to-morrow, and observed what a singular and fortunate chance it was that business should call him thither just at that time, Zephany answered, with gravity, that it was a most singular and fortunate chance. He had seen the two young faces looking at each other in the sunset glow, and he had come to a distinct conclusion about both. But Zephany's mobile face could become, when he chose it, as inscrutable as the Sphinx.

Both the travellers were very silent during the journey down to Westfield the next day. Their mutual position was singular. To each, the young girl he was going to see was the dearest and most interesting being in the world. But neither of them knew her relation to the other. And, in the case of Dick Avon, there was some anxiety on Lucy's behalf to know what Rushmere might have to say to her. He was aware that Rushmere had undertaken to make inquiries in Australia respecting Lucy's family, and could only conjecture that his business with her was connected with those inquiries.

Each sat meditating in his own corner of the railway carriage, and they had not exchanged ten sentences when the train arrived at Westfield Road Station.

Here they left their valises in charge of the station-master, and began to inquire the way to Enderby Court. An elderly man on horseback, who had ridden up with a telegram, turned to look at the two gentlemen, and, apparently satisfied with his inspection of them, proffered his services in directing them which road to take.

"Is there a shorter way than by the high road?" asked Dick.

The man on horseback answered that there was a private way leading through a coppice and by the shrubberies straight into Miss Enderby's flower-garden, but that it was intersected by locked gates.

"Happen you might have your pass-key with you, Mr. Bates," suggested the one porter of Westfield Road Station, an inert but grateful-minded youth, enthusiastically anxious that some one should do something to earn the half-crown which Rushmere had bestowed on him.

"Oh, are you the steward, Mr. Bates?" said Dick. "My name is Avon. I am Miss Enderby's cousin."

Whereupon Mr. Bates, who had been preparing what he mentally styled "a wiggling" for Job Field on the subject of his officiousness in offering other folk's pass-keys to strange travellers, who might belong to the swell mob for all they knew, pulled off his hat, produced his key from his pocket, and gave a few lucid directions for finding the path.

Thus the two unexpected visitors emerging from a winding path in the shrubbery found themselves in front of some sunny parterres, where a tall, slight girl in black, holding a white parasol over her head, and attended by a very fat spaniel, was watching one or two gardeners at work, and listening to Mr. Campbell's suggestions as to a new melon-house, for which he had discovered a position "just most pairfectly shootable," if Miss Enderby would but just mention it to my lord.

"Cousin Dick!" cried Mildred, almost letting the parasol fall from her hand in her surprise. "Oh, how very, very glad I am to see you! Are your things at the station? Robert, run up to the house and tell them to let Mrs. Griffiths know!"

But Dick stopped her, and, leading her a little aside, whispered a few sentences in her ear. She turned at once to where Rushmere was standing in the background, and held out her hand to him. "You are very welcome, indeed, Mr. Rushmere," she said, with simple sweetness. "And I am quite sure that my aunt, Lady Charlotte Gaunt, will wish you to do us the favour of remaining here to-night. Pray allow me to send for your portmanteau."

But Rushmere, who with difficulty controlled his agitation, and in whom the effort to do so produced a singular forced quietude of manner, thanked her, and said he could at present decide nothing as to his arrangements; but begged the favour of a few words with her in private. All formalities as to previously demanding Lady Charlotte's permission were forgotten, or pushed aside. He was there, within a few yards of his daughter. He could think of nothing else. "What I have to say concerns your friend Lucy Marston," he said, in quick, low tones.

Mildred looked at him full and straight. "I hope you have no bad news to give Miss Marston?" she said.

"No; I know you love her."

"I do, with all my heart," said Mildred, in a firm, quiet voice.

"Then you will let me speak to you?"

Mildred at once begged her cousin to walk on to the house, and announce himself. "The housekeeper will let you know whether Aunt Charlotte can see you yet. If she is lying down she must not be disturbed. I shall follow you almost immediately."

Then without waiting for a reply, she turned into a little side path, motioning Rushmere to follow her, and they walked away together.

Half an hour later, Mildred entered the schoolroom.

Lucy was sitting at the piano, but not playing. Her eyes were roving over the vista of lawn and park, which she could see through the open window from where she sat; and her fingers were straying silently over the keys.

She was thinking of that evening, more than a year ago, when Lady Charlotte had made her play to her in the dusk; and, again,

of that other time when Mildred had told her that she was staunch and would always be her sister; and, again, of the day before Lady Charlotte's arrival, when Miss Feltham had talked to her of the Gaunts, and of the tangled love story between that handsome, joyous young officer and the patrician beauty, and the humble companion—whose part in it all did not seem very clearly defined, but whose individuality seemed to pervade the old governess's recollections. "*Der andere liebt eine andre.*" And through all these thinkings there shone, like a beam of light from behind a cloud, the certainty that Dick loved her.

"I thought I should find you here," said Mildred, coming quietly into the room. She went to the piano, and drew a low cushion on which she was fond of sitting, close to Lucy. From this lower level she looked up, and laying her hand on Lucy's knee, said, "I have something very good and strange to tell you, dear."

"Is it good, Mildred?" asked the other girl, rather quickly.

"Quite good."

Mildred's face and voice were reassuring. She was very quiet. But there was a mild, cheerful brightness in her blue eyes as she looked up.

"Think what strange and unexpected thing in all the world you would like best," she said.

"Unexpected—what strange and unexpected thing I should like best? To find my mother. But she is dead. She must be dead."

"Yes; *she* is dead," answered Mildred, in a very low tone.

"You know—? You have heard of her?"

"Read this letter, dear. It was given to me to give you. I know the main part of what is in it. It is good, Lucy—it is *quite* good," she added, earnestly; for Lucy had turned very pale, and was trembling.

She took the letter, and held it a moment unopened. Then, having taken it from the envelope, she held it in one hand as she read, whilst with the other hand she clasped Mildred's close. When she came to the words—"I who write these lines am your father," she gave a great start, and pressed Mildred's hand convulsively.

"He is a good, dear father, Lucy; a parent to love and be proud of. He is here. He is waiting to see you," said Mildred, watching her face, and speaking with perfect steadiness.

"Mr. Rushmere!" whispered Lucy, with something like a long, quivering sigh, and letting the letter fall from her fingers. Then she put up one hand to her head, still holding Mildred tightly with the other, and said faintly, "I feel so bewildered!"

Mildred rose, and moved towards the door.

"No, no! Stay a moment, Mildred," cried Lucy in a broken, gasping voice. "I can't see him yet. Wait! I must have a moment."

"Don't be afraid, dear," answered Mildred. Then opening the door, she stepped quickly across the corridor to a little ante-room opposite, and saying softly, "Come, now," she re-entered the schoolroom, followed by her cousin.

"What is it, Mildred? Is anything the matter?" asked Dick. But no sooner did Lucy catch sight of him than she sprang towards him, and clinging to him as a child might have clung, burst into tears.

"Lucy; my darling!" he exclaimed, in dismay.

But Mildred quietly said, "Let her cry, Cousin Dick," and, putting Rushmere's letter into his hand, she signed to him to read it, which he did, with Lucy still sobbing on his shoulder. But Mildred had been right. The tears had relieved her. Her sobs subsided by degrees, and then, as she grew calm again and recovered her self-possession, she withdrew herself from Dick's supporting arm, and moved away to a chair.

She looked up at Mildred with a sort of innocent shamefacedness, and said, "Oh, Mildred, what will you think?"

And Dick began to murmur in an apologetic tone that Cousin Mildred would have been the first to be told, when she stopped him, saying with an air of sage gravity, which somehow had the effect of making her smooth young face look still more childlike and candid,

"I knew long ago. That's why I asked Dick to wait there. I knew that if you were startled or frightened you would feel safe with Dick. And now, Lucy, you must be brave and cheerful, and not cry—that would hurt him—for I am going to bring your father."

CHAPTER L.

THE correctness of Zephany's previsions with regard to Lucy's feeling was entirely verified. Her first inquiries were about her mother; her deepest and tenderest interest in the past was connected with her mother; her one abiding regret was that she had never known her mother.

Rushmere had reason over and over again to thank Zephany that he had, in accordance with the latter's advice, prepared answers to most of the questions which she put to him, when the first strangeness of her new position had worn off, and she was able to sit beside him, and talk to him easily; while from time to time he would softly stroke her hair or put her hand to his lips.

He looked at her with a sort of trembling fondness, as though she were a blossom that might fade before his eyes; or an exquisite frost-flower, that would melt away as the sunlight turned its diamonds into tears.

Rushmere felt some bitterness of jealousy when he heard the innocent girl pitying her mother's untimely death; wondering how it had come to pass that the people at Cliburn had supposed that poor shipwrecked sailor to have been her father; conjecturing that her mother had been too timid of discovery to risk explanations, and had probably rather drifted into allowing that version to be believed than actually stated what was not true.

"Poor mother!" murmured Lucy. "She was so young, too, you say."

"Little older than you are now, Lucy."

"No wonder she was frightened! And how lonely! If she had but had you near her—!" said Lucy; thinking that for herself there could be no intolerable troubles so long as Dick was by her side.

All this outpouring of sympathy and affection for the unknown mother was painful to Rushmere for several reasons, many of which lay confusedly in his consciousness.

He told himself that his sense of right and justice was revolted by hearing this pure and sincere young creature wasting her filial tenderness and piety on a woman like Caroline. But although this was true, there was also the less avowable jealous grudge against the woman who not only had robbed him all those years of his child, but even in her self-effacement—even in her supposed death—could still divert from him some of the fresh young affection for which his soul thirsted.

But Lucy's sympathy was wide enough to embrace both parents; and she showed the most sensitive consideration for her father, and the sweetest solicitude to please him.

Mildred and Dick had left the father and daughter alone together, and as the cousins strolled in the flower-garden the young man poured forth the story of his love for Lucy, and expressed his amazement at Mildred's penetration in discovering it.

"Oh! I wanted it to happen from the first," said Mildred, with her little serious, decisive air. "Do you know that even as long ago as when we were at Bordighera I used to think how delightful it would be if you and Lucy would fall in love with each other—delightful for *me*, you know," she added, demurely.

"What a dear, wise Mother Redcap of a Mildred! But how did you find out that we *had* been so obliging?"

Mildred opened her eyes very wide as she answered, "How do I find out that the sky is blue and the grass is green? By looking at them."

"But, then, do you suppose—I don't believe that any one else at Avonthorpe saw it. So how do you account for that?"

"Perhaps by their not looking," answered Mildred quietly. But in her own mind she was well convinced that the reason why Mrs. Avon and Aunt Charlotte had made no such discovery was their being preoccupied with the idea that Dick was to marry herself. Mary Avon had been reticent; but Mrs. Avon and the younger girls had given many hints, which were not lost on Mildred's quiet shrewdness.

When Dick mentioned to his cousin that Lucy was very nervous about announcing their engagement to his family, and was sure it would be a severe blow to them, Mildred replied that it was very natural for Lucy to feel so; but she added, to check Dick's eager protest, that she believed Mrs. Avon's objection to the marriage would be greatly modified, now that Lucy had a father so well able to provide for her handsomely.

"But, my dear Mildred," said Dick earnestly, "we never intended that my mother and sisters should be injured. We had made up our minds—at least, I had made up my mind, if Lucy would consent—to go to Australia, and leave Avonthorpe to them until we could scrape together a little more money; and—"

"Had you, indeed!" said Mildred, facing round indignantly. "And do you suppose I should have quietly let you take Lucy away like that? I never heard of such a nefarious scheme in my life! I declare I have a great mind to inform Mr. Rushmere that you are a person of the wickedest character, and advise him not to let you marry his daughter."

"Oh, Mildred," exclaimed Dick, stopping short in his turn, "you don't think he will make any objection or difficulties, do you?"

"I don't know," answered Mildred severely. "I wouldn't give my daughter to a traitor who had been plotting to carry her off to the other end of the world, on the pretext of being poor, when his own relations have more money than they know what to do with!"

"My dear, sweet, good, little cousin, nobody has more money than he knows what to do with. Ask Lord Grimstock what his opinion is on that point. And he has a good deal of money to administer."

"Pray, Mr. Richard Avon," said Mildred with great dignity, "did you never hear of lending money to a friend on good security—land, for instance—Avonthorpe land, for instance—and, if necessary, at a fair rate of interest?"

"Hulloa!" cried Dick, genuinely surprised. "Why, Mildred, you are coming out in the character of a great financial authority; they ought to make you Chancellor of the Exchequer!"

"Do you know, Dick," said Mildred confidentially, and relaxing from her majestic severity, "I don't think mortgages are really more difficult to understand than French verbs."

There was, of course, a great deal in Rushmere's story, which appeared unaccountable to Dick. And he more than suspected that much had been purposely concealed from Lucy. His own idea was that Rushmere and his wife had been separated soon after their marriage, and that the fault had lain with the wife. And he quite appreciated the reticence which held Rushmere back from saying anything to his child in blame of her dead mother. For himself, he had no wish to grope in the darkness of the past, nor to penetrate any family secrets. Lucy was herself; and nothing could change that all-sufficing fact.

Rushmere remained at Enderby Court that evening; Lady Charlotte—who had listened to Mildred's narrative of Lucy's new fortunes in a darkened room—desired that Mr. Rushmere might be requested, with her compliments, to remain as her niece's guest at The Court, as long as it should suit his convenience, and to Lucy she sent a word or two of congratulation. But she excused herself from appearing, on the plea of indisposition.

Mildred said nothing to her aunt about Dick's engagement. It had been agreed among the young people that it would not be proper to speak of it to any one until Mrs. Avon and Mr. Rushmere had been informed.

On one point Mildred's straightforward intelligence was a little at fault, where Dick, from something of a fellow-feeling, saw more clearly. Mildred imagined that Mr. Rushmere would be delighted to hear that his daughter had been wooed by such a man as her cousin. But Dick was convinced that the revelation would be painful to him; not from any aversion to him, Richard Avon, but from a natural unwillingness to give up his new-found treasure to a stranger. Had Lucy's surviving parent been a widowed mother, Dick would have thought it unreasonable in her to put forward any such reluctance as a reason for deferring the marriage. But in the case of the man, he instinctively felt that there was a difference.

Rushmere was to return to London the next morning, and then proceed to Heywood House, the property he had inherited near Avonthorpe, to make preparations for his daughter's reception there.

"Preparations!" said Dick, when he was for a few minutes alone with Lucy. "What preparations can be necessary? You will be there so short a time!"

But Lucy declared that she could not propose to leave her father in the first weeks of their reunion; and that, moreover, Dick on his side would have many important arrangements to make before they could think of marrying.

"I tell you what, Lucy," said Dick, with a sudden decision, "I shall speak to Mr. Rushmere before he leaves this place. What reason is there for delay? It will not hurt him more to think of parting with you a week hence—well, a month hence" (for Lucy had tried to protest)—"than now; and I hate the feeling that our position towards him is not perfectly open and aboveboard."

Lucy agreed that this would be the right course to take; and Dick further proposed that they should call in Mildred's assistance. "Your father thinks so highly of her," said Dick.

"He is very right—she is so sweet, and good, and sensible. Not every one knows how much sense Mildred has."

"Of course, she is very young," observed Dick, "and almost childish in some things, and if Aunt Charlotte were well enough to undertake it, she would be able to speak with more authority."

Lucy made no answer at the moment, but in her heart she felt that Lady Charlotte Gaunt was the last person to whom she would have wished to appeal under the circumstances.

It was arranged that they should breakfast early, and that Dick and Mr. Rushmere should drive to Westfield Road in time to catch the ten o'clock train to town. And Mildred suggested that Dick should make an appointment with Mr. Rushmere before breakfast the following morning, and promised that she would be at hand to speak her word when it should be demanded.

"Of course, I can say a great deal more about you both than you can say about yourselves," remarked Mildred, with her little air of sage simplicity—an air which, had she been seven years old instead of seventeen, would have been called old-fashioned.

Rushmere assented to Dick's request for an interview very willingly. He did hint that they might have time for conversation in the train, but when Dick replied that what he had to say could not well be said in the presence of chance listeners, he made no further difficulty.

He supposed that young Avon intended to consult him about the business questions which had been postponed in London.

Thus Dick's revelation was all the more startling to him.

After the first look of surprise, his face grew very cloudy, and he said, pulling his moustaches, and speaking in a sombre tone, "Surely, your acquaintance has been very short?"

"Well, I don't know. But, as to that, so far as I can remember and judge my feelings, I loved her the first moment I saw her dear face. As to her loving me—no wonder you think that surprising! But the fact is," said Dick, modestly, "that she had been hearing my praises from my Cousin Mildred, who is the staunchest of friends to those she loves; and so, perhaps, Lucy may have begun by thinking better of me than I deserve. There's only one point that neither you nor she can think too highly of—that is my devoted love for her."

"I, at any rate, have had no preparation for this news," said Rushmere, in anything but a cordial tone. He was, in fact, feeling that Fate was treating him with singular cruelty. He had set all his heart and his hopes on this sweet daughter, and now in the first moment of finding her after long years, a stranger was coolly proposing to take her from him for ever.

"Of course," said Dick, "I am aware that, in one way, Lucy would be making a very poor marriage in accepting me. I am heir to an encumbered estate, and the head of an impoverished family. And I have certain responsibilities, which she and I both agree I am bound to fulfil."

All that was best in Rushmere's character responded to this speech. He knew enough of the family history of the Avons to be aware that Richard was suffering for the selfish sins of his elder brother. He put his hand on the young man's shoulder, and said, "My dear Mr. Avon, I know perfectly well that in the eyes of the world you would be derogating from your class by marrying my daughter. My father was a country practitioner; my uncle, who left his money to me, was in trade. I am very sensible of the way in which you put all that aside for Lucy's sake. But—"

"Here is my cousin, Mr. Rushmere," said Dick, seeing Mildred on the lawn.

Mildred advanced to greet them, and Dick, with an expressive look at her, stepped aside, and left them together.

"I think I know what my Cousin Richard has been saying to you, Mr. Rushmere," said Mildred, entering into the subject at once, without hesitation, "and I hope you are pleased with the news."

It was impossible to meet the young girl's candid smile with the same gloomy look which he had at first turned on Dick. But, on the other hand, Rushmere felt less constraint in confessing to Mildred the pain and reluctance with which he contemplated parting with his daughter.

"But," Mr. Rushmere, said Mildred gravely, "it seems to me so wonderfully fortunate that your house should be close to Avonthorpe. Do you know that we all had a narrow escape of losing Lucy for years and years? My cousin had made up his mind to carry her off to Australia! Think of that! He is the best and most generous fellow in the world; and he feels himself bound to provide in the best way he can for his widowed mother and his sisters. And he couldn't afford to live at Avonthorpe if he married a girl without any money."

The glimpse thus presented of what might have happened, really did, in a great measure, avail to reconcile Rushmere to the incomparably lesser sacrifice demanded of him. As they were approaching the house, he said to Mildred in a melancholy voice, "As to asking my consent, Miss Enderby, it is a mere form. Suppose I forbade Lucy to marry your cousin, do you think she would obey me?"

"I think it would be very unfair in you to forbid it," answered Mildred at once. And then she added quietly, "And if Lucy were unhappy, you would be miserable, would you not? So that no good could come of it to any one."

When Rushmere saw his daughter standing at the door of the little breakfast-room, where they were all assembled, he laid his hand on her head, and said softly, "God bless you, my child." Then he gently kissed her forehead, and nothing more explicit was said at that time.

But as they travelled up to town together, Rushmere made it plain to his future son-in-law that Lucy's dower would enable him to live at Avonthorpe, and to do more than he had dreamed or hoped for the old place.

(To be continued)

THE COMPLETION OF ULM CATHEDRAL

ULM, the second city of Würtemberg, now enjoys the honour of possessing the loftiest cathedral in the world. Like the Cologne Dom, the Ulm Minster had remained unfinished for centuries. Begun in 1377, the main building was completed in 1494; but the tower was left for future generations, so that the last stone of the spire was laid only on May 31st last, raising the structure to the height of 530 feet—eighteen feet above the Cologne towers. Besides its altitude, Ulm is the largest church in Germany, being 485 feet long and 200 feet broad. It is a beautiful Gothic building, with richly-carved doors and pulpit, fine choir-stalls, and a huge organ. The Ulm people are justly proud of their Minster, and celebrated its completion by four days' elaborate festivities, beginning last Saturday with an open-air choral festival on the Cathedral square, whilst the building was illuminated, and all the bells of the town rang out gaily. Next morning, Service at the Cathedral and more bell-



ULM CATHEDRAL
The Highest in the World

ringing began the programme at 6 A.M., and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed in the Cathedral. But the great feature of the day was the historical procession, which represented the life, customs, and celebrities of the city from the fourteenth to the nineteenth centuries, and included 1,500 persons in gorgeous costumes. Soldiers, heralds, and townspeople in the distinctive garb of each period ushered in the respective centuries, and models of the foundation-stone and of the Cathedral itself were the central point of the first group. Emperor Charles V. and his Court, the Reformers, a merchant's wedding in the sixteenth century, Wallenstein's troops in the next hundred years, the trades-guilds of the eighteenth century, appeared in chronological succession, till the soldiers of the nineteenth century and an allegorical figure of United Germany closed the record up to the present day. A historical play, acted on Monday and Tuesday, was equally interesting, for the performance reproduced the laying of the first stone of the Cathedral, the visit of Emperor Charles V., and a picture of Ulm town-life in 1704. The fishermen from the Danube had their special display on Tuesday, while popular fêtes, organ-recitals, concerts, and banquets filled up the time, until the last rays of the illumination died away from the Cathedral tower late on Tuesday night.

COUNT LÉON TOLSTOI, the well-known Russian author, is recovering at last from his long and dangerous illness. Hitherto he had refused to take any remedies whatever, but recently the Countess persuaded him to follow medical advice, with most favourable results. Now he can work daily for a few hours, and will shortly begin a series of brief pamphlets against drink.



I.

THE *Nineteenth Century* has a very excellent article on the drink question, "Compensation or Confiscation," by T. W. Russell, M.P. The subject is treated from a common-sense point of view, with rather a leaning to the temperance party, as might be expected. Mr. Russell goes into no hysterics, but points out that by their present action the temperance party are, in all probability, repeating their great blunders of 1871, when they refused to support the Bill brought in by Mr. Bruce. Mr. Russell is of opinion that the publican has legally no vested interest in his licence, but that he certainly has an equitable interest, and should he conduct himself and his business properly, that he is as much entitled to compensation for disturbance as any one else. In conclusion, Mr. Russell, writing before the events of last week, urges that some arrangement should be come to, lest the work of temperance reform be put off to some indefinite period.—Professor Huxley has an article on the relation of "Lux Mundi" to the teachings of Science.—Mr. Frederick Greenwood writes on "The Press and the Government;" and Mr. J. L. Mahon has some remarks on "The Crisis in the Post Office," from the point of view of the Postmen's Union.—In "What I Saw at Tel-el-Kebir," Sergeant Arthur V. Palmer makes a vigorous rejoinder to his critics, and more especially to Lieutenant Campbell, who was in the same regiment as himself.

The *Contemporary Review* has two short papers on the burning subject of the month—"Compensation for Licences." Mr. E. N. Buxton deals with the topic from the brewer's point of view, and Mr. Andrew Johnston in his character as a licensing magistrate. Both of them speak sensible words, which fanatics will do well to ponder over.—Other articles are, "What Nationalism Means," a reply to M. de Laveleye, by Mr. Edward Bellamy; "French Affairs," by Gabriel Monod; and "A Journey to the Capital of Tibet," by Graham Sandberg.—Mr. Joseph Pennell's "New Profession Wanting Professors" will probably not satisfy those who eagerly seek in it an answer to the question, "What to do with our boys who have failed to pass their examinations?"

In the *Universal Review* for June 15th Count Léon Tolstoi replies to the critics of "The Kreutzer Sonata," and upholds his peculiar views on marriage, morality, and Christianity.—There is also a well-illustrated article by the editor on the "Art of England," and Mrs. Crawford contributes a paper on "The Rival Salons" in Paris.—A novelty is the article by Mrs. D'Arcy Collyer, which contains some unpublished MSS. by the poet Cowper.

Longman's Magazine contains "The Accursed Bell," a powerful sketch of Russian life, by C. Phillips-Wolley, the well-known explorer of the Caucasus.—A paper of a very different kind is a charming little sketch called "Oxford: the Upper River," by Aubyn Battey, which will especially interest those who are not ashamed to confess that they have whiled away idle hours on the stream so contemptuously known as the "Smug's River."—Mr. Lang's gossip "At the Sign of the Ship" is as pleasant as usual.

The *National Review* opens with an article by "Q." on "A Scandalous Session," in which the Opposition are roundly lectured for the deliberate and intentional manner in which they have wasted the time of the nation; and even Mr. Smith gets a gentle rebuke for being almost too forbearing with these unmannerly adversaries.—The only other political article is a paper on "Compensation for Licences," by a "Radical Teetotaler," who belies his uncompromising name by venturing to hold that a well-conducted publican has actually a moral right to compensation for the extinction of his licence. The "Radical Teetotaler" looks at the matter in a very calm and common-sense way, and few people will be found to traverse any of his statements.—Dr. Herbert Snow, who also has an article on Cancer in the *Nineteenth Century*, replies to Lady Paget in "Count Mattei and his Treatment of Cancer," by stating most positively that the surgeon, and not the physician, must be relied on in cases of cancer, for, unless every cancerous cell or cell-particle is eradicated, the expedient employed can only be of passing efficacy.

Good Words has an article on "The Psalms," by Mr. Gladstone, and a concluding paper on "The Homes of the Norman Dukes," by the Dean of Gloucester, which deals with Caen and Bayeux.—*Belgravia* contains the second and concluding part of "Fragmentary Recollections of the Ladies of Llangollen," by the Hon. Mrs. Armytage.—In *Murray's Magazine* Mr. Lewis Morris publishes a new poem, in the familiar blank verse, on Santa Marina, and there is a short and instructive article on "New Scotland Yard," by J. Hall Richardson.

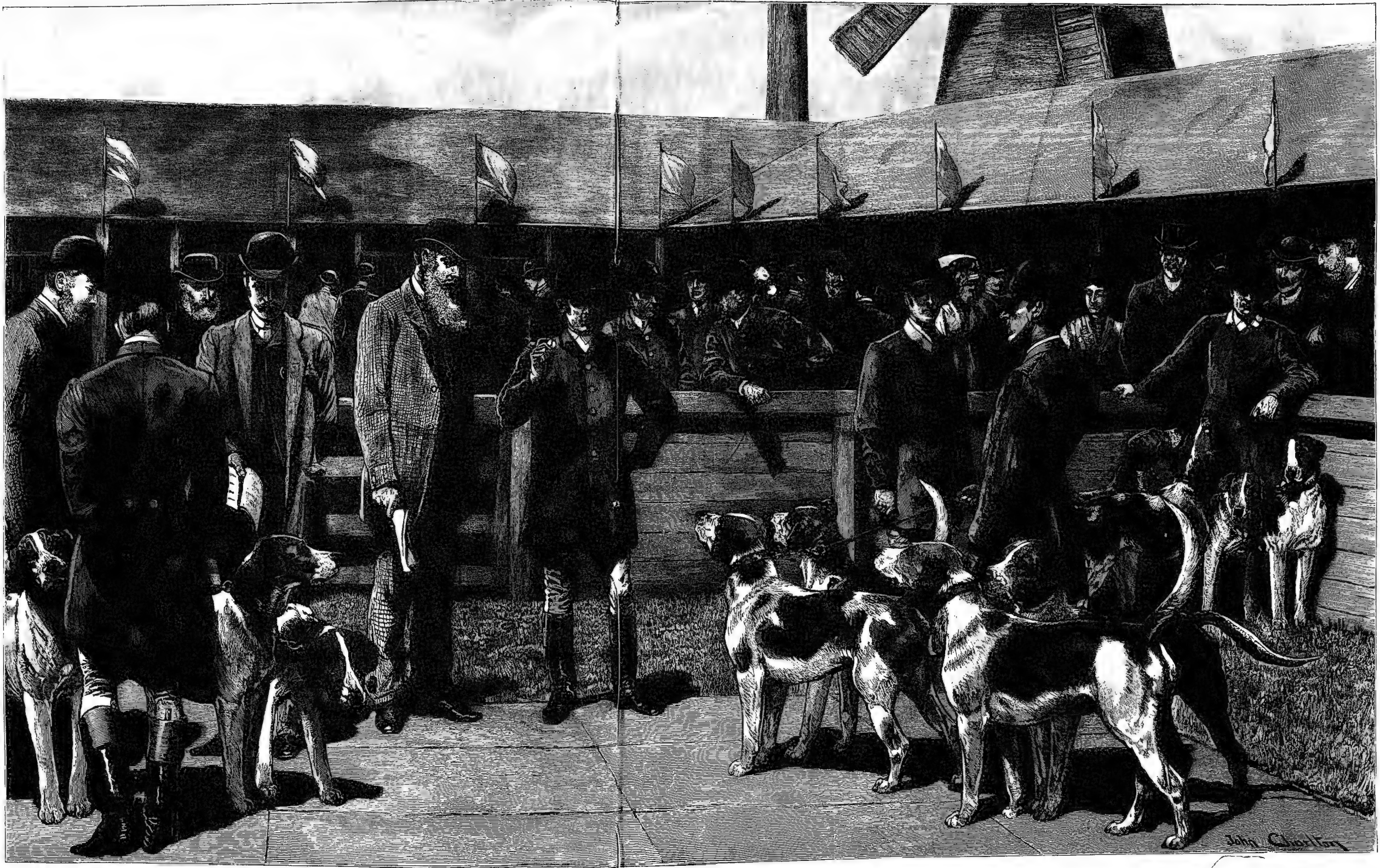
"The Empty Compartment" is a short story worth reading.—The *Newbury House Magazine* has an article of present interest in "Missions to the Central African Lakes," by the Rev. F. Arnold, M.A.—There is an amusing paper on "Tramps and their Ways" in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and *Cornhill* has a pleasant article on "Capri" and the opening chapters of two new serial stories, "Eight Days" and "A Bride from the Bush."—In *Macmillan's Magazine* Mr. Edward Carpenter ventures to deal with the problem that has puzzled so many people, "The Smoke Plague, and its Remedy," and he fancies that its abatement will come through using gas for heating our houses.—Vice-Admiral Sir G. Tryon has an article on "National Insurance" in the *United Service Magazine*; and there is an interesting discussion on "The Best Mounted Arm for the Volunteers," with reflections on the whole case by Sir Evelyn Wood.

In the *Fortnightly*, Messrs. H. A. Jones and Beerbohm Tree continue the academic discussion on the Actor-Manager; Mr. E. B. Lanin writes on "Russian Prisons: The Simple Truth," and exposes, for the hundredth time, the horrors of the Russian system; Mr. J. Scott Keltie reviews Mr. Stanley's "In Darkest Africa" in a favourable manner; and Mr. H. H. Johnston, Commander Lovett Cameron, R.N., and Mr. E. W. Beckett, M.P., all have something to say on "England and Germany in Africa." A few years ago we might have had the entire trade of Central Africa by stretching out a hand; but, owing to the apathy and ignorance of the merchants and people of England, that time has gone by, and we must be satisfied if we can save enough out of the scramble for Africa to let our commerce expand and unchecked within the moderate limits now secured for it.

A BEGGAR WITH THE TOOTHACHE has been making a good sum of money in New York lately, until he was found out. He was a respectable-looking man with a swollen face and an expression of deep suffering, and at intervals he would stop a passer-by and ask for twopence to complete the shilling needed to pay for his aching tooth being extracted. As he held the remainder of the sum in his hand, his request was rarely refused. However, the swollen cheek was stuffed with cotton, and he tried the trick once too often.

IMPERIAL BRIDES IN AUSTRIA receive some curious wedding-presents, according to an ancient custom still observed. The attendants who have cared for the Princesses in their childhood—nurses, governesses, &c.—bring them the old playthings and clothes which the Imperial children had outgrown, and which had been preserved on purpose as relics. Thus the Archduchess Valérie's old Hungarian nurse has just come to Vienna, bringing the first pair of shoes which the Princess wore as a baby. Ten juvenile Archduchesses will be the bridesmaids at her forthcoming wedding on July 31st, including the bride's niece, little Princess Elizabeth, the six-year-old daughter of the late Crown Prince, and the bridegroom's three sisters.

THE INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPH CONFERENCE in Paris is now closed, after accomplishing much useful work. Germany's proposal to introduce uniform telegraphic rates has been shelved till the next Conference at Buda-Pesth, in 1895; but, besides the reductions mentioned previously, new regulations are introduced for composite words, such as—*porte-monnaie*, *chef-d'œuvre*, *sous-lieutenant*, &c. These will be reckoned as one word when written without a hyphen, provided they do not exceed fifteen letters for a European destination, and ten letters beyond Europe. Reductions are arranged also in telephonic communication, five minutes' conversation being allowed for the same charge made hitherto for three minutes. Speaking of telegraphs, it is proposed to lower the tariff between Europe and Adelaide for a year's experiment, the expense to be borne jointly by the Australian Government and the Cable Companies. Ordinary telegrams would be reduced from 9s. 4d. to 6s. 6d., Government messages from 7s. 1d. to 3s. 6d., and Press telegrams from 2s. 8d. to 1s. 10d.



PETERBOROUGH FOXHOUND SHOW—BEFORE THE JUDGES



GERMANY and England have signed their African compact, and the arrangement now only awaits Parliamentary ratification. The signature took place at Berlin on Tuesday, Sir E. Malet and Sir P. Anderson being the British signatories, while Gen. Caprivi and Dr. Krauel represented Germany. Little by little, the severest critics of the Agreement are beginning to acquiesce in the inevitable, and to consider how best to develop the opportunities remaining. Now that the Sultan of Zanzibar has ceded the desired coast-line in East Africa, the Teutonic territory covers an area nearly twice the size of the German Empire, and, as the experts point out, the trade on the mainland will be fully as profitable as at Zanzibar. The Government will support the East African Company by every means, for General Caprivi himself declares that "East Africa is the centre of gravity of our colonial policy—it is my ambition to make something out of Africa." Major Wissmann urges that full confidence should be placed in the Government, which cannot always reveal its motives for action, while often colonial policy is of less importance than European policy. "Let us stick to what we have got, and turn it to account," advised the Major at a "comers" given in his honour by several members of the Reichstag, where Dr. Windthorst promised that the Catholic party would support the Government African programme. Major Wissmann has modified his opinions considerably, after lengthy interviews with the Emperor, and it was just as well therefore that he was too ill to attend the meeting of the German Colonial Society, where the chiefs of the Colonial party expressed their disapproval in plain terms, passing a unanimous resolution of regret at the Agreement. Emperor William thinks otherwise, however, and has been bestowing honours all round to express his gratification, from the Black Eagle to General Caprivi and Count Hatzfeldt, to a patent of nobility to Major Wissmann, besides making the Director of the Colonial Department, Dr. Krauel, Minister at Buenos Ayres. As soon as the agreement is submitted to the British Parliament the Reichstag will have an opportunity of expressing its opinions freely before the Session closes next week. The House has passed the third reading of the Army Bill, but, thanks to his injudicious admissions during the debate, the War Minister will probably resign, being succeeded by General Wittich. Meanwhile, Emperor William has enjoyed most cordial visits to the Danish Court at Fredensborg, and to King Oscar of Sweden and Norway at Christiania, before cruising along the Norwegian coasts. Some doubt exists whether he will meet the Czar after all. German relations with Russia have not been improved by the Anglo-German understanding, which the Russians persist in construing into a secret alliance aimed against France and Russia.

Such, too, is the opinion held by a great majority in FRANCE. Though less violent on the subject, the French are as jealous as ever of the pact between their two powerful neighbours, and the Cabinet cannot escape a serious debate on the Zanzibar protectorate within the next few days. M. Ribot is criticised for being too friendly towards England, but, from present appearances, the Chamber will accept his explanations without causing a Ministerial crisis. Meanwhile, the only debate of interest has been a skirmish over the report on the Crédit Foncier, when the Government justified their support of the Governor. Probably the session may close next Saturday, and politics already show signs of summer stagnation. President and Ministers alike plan holidays and provincial tours; army and naval manoeuvres are in full preparation, and the Parisians are hurrying off to the seaside after enjoying a sensation in the arrival from Havana of Eyraud, the suspected murderer of M. Gouffé. He has been treated somewhat like a wild beast since his capture, and his trial is anticipated with great eagerness.

STRINGENT precautions against cholera are being taken on the Continent, and all arrivals from SPAIN are examined closely. The French authorities impose five days' observation on travellers crossing the frontier, alarmed by reports of several cholera cases in their own southern districts, though these cases seem only the ordinary summer attacks. ITALY is equally watchful, and denies the report that cholera has appeared in her borders. Meanwhile the outbreak in Spain itself goes no further, although it has been decidedly fatal, as 125 persons died out of 200 attacked in six weeks. Inquiry at Rugat shows that the disease broke out directly after the opening of a cemetery where the victims of the last epidemic were buried. A fatal case of cholera has occurred in PORTUGAL, at Regoa, on the Douro, in the Beira province.

The execution of Major Panitza in BULGARIA was most sudden, and was unexpected both at home and abroad. Though M. Stambouloff was known to be set upon making an example of such an arch-conspirator, few people believed that Prince Ferdinand would disregard the recommendation to mercy, especially considering the Prince's mild disposition. But though Prince Ferdinand for a week refused to sign the death-warrant, M. Stambouloff at last threatened resignation, and he yielded. The whole affair was carried out with the greatest secrecy. The troops were taken to the execution-ground merely expecting their usual drill, and even Major Panitza himself knew nothing till the morning of his death. He met his fate bravely, tying the bandage over his own eyes, and crying "Long live Bulgaria" just before the firing-party, at the wave of their officer's sword, discharged a volley of twenty-one shots at the condemned man, who was secured to a tree. All the Sofia garrison were present, and were harangued afterwards by their commander on the justice of the sentence. Meanwhile, the unfortunate widow had just learnt that the execution was to take place, and when her husband was already dead was rushing about to the Diplomatic Agents and telegraphing to Princess Clémentine to interfere. Major Panitza was buried next day without any attempt at public demonstration, and, though many Bulgarians condemn the execution bitterly, many others hold with M. Stambouloff that leniency would only have encouraged further plots. Unfortunately, M. Stambouloff's personal hostility to Major Panitza gives his enemies a strong argument, and Russia seizes the opportunity for the usual sermon on the sins and weakness of the Bulgarian Government. Nor has Prince Ferdinand's absence from his dominions improved the matter, the Prince having hurried off secretly to Vienna and Carlsbad, on the plea of illness. His visit to Vienna was quite private, but is supposed to be connected both with financial matters and the question of his recognition. This latter point has placed TURKEY in a regular quandary, and the Porte is still hesitating whether to pursue its usual policy of masterly inactivity, or ascertain the Powers' opinion. Probably some concessions will be made in Macedonia, for Turkey dreads any further disturbances just now, when she is worried by the continued troubles in CRETE and fresh risings in ARMENIA. The Kurds oppress the Armenians most brutally in the Erzeroum district, while the Turkish troops, when seeking for arms, entered an Armenian church, and produced a violent conflict with the people. Altogether EASTERN EUROPE is more uneasy than usual. Thus King Milan threatens to throw SERBIA into fresh confusion by openly opposing the Radical Government. At a banquet at Belgrade he declared that the Radical tide was bearing Serbia to shipwreck, and that it

was his duty to save his son and the dynasty from ruin. The King has tact enough to urge an understanding with AUSTRIA, so as to close the commercial war now ruining Serbian trade, though the Serbian Government, bent on reprisals, has raised a fresh dispute with her neighbour over the works for clearing away the obstacles at the Iron Gates of the Danube. On her side, Austria is grateful for a little political quiet, now that the Joint Delegations have dispersed. After all, the Delegations, smoothed down by the Emperor's personal influence, passed the Military and Naval Budgets, in spite of the objections raised at first. Count Kalnoky continues seriously ill.

INDIA is grateful for a plentiful rainfall, which has removed all anxiety respecting the crops. Europeans in Bombay are much troubled by the leper difficulty, for there are fully 1,000 lepers in the city, mostly quite destitute; yet the sufferers will not stay in asylums, but wander about the streets. The natives are indifferent on this point, though they now show more interest in public works—witness the formation of several native manufacturing companies, and of the first railway organised and directed by natives, without any European assistance. Indeed, one prominent native, the grandson of the late Prince of Arcot, has been urging the Mahomedans not to mourn over the past glories of Islam, but to stand loyally by the British Government. Much improvement in the condition of UPPER BURMA is expected from the appointment of Mr. Hodgkinson as Judicial Commissioner. Under the present laxity of administration, dacoits who surrender are not always treated fairly, and so discourage others from submitting.

Whilst Europe experiences chilly and wet weather, the summer in the UNITED STATES has set in with intense heat. Chicago has registered the highest temperature, so that people fell prostrate in the street and many died from sunstroke, while 300 horses dropped down dead on Sunday alone. The heat wave spread through Illinois, down the Mississippi valley, and across to Philadelphia and the Atlantic seaboard, being accompanied by disastrous storms in both East and West. This sultry weather makes Congress anxious to close the Session, but the Silver Bill still delays other business. Thus the House of Representatives refused to accept the Senate's amendments, and the Bill is now being considered by a Conference Committee from both Houses to effect a compromise. The Democrats in the Upper House are disappointed that the admission of Wyoming and Idaho to the Union will give the Republicans a further majority—particularly in view of the Federal Elections Bill, now before Congress, which affords the Government increased influence over elections, and strengthens the prospects of the Republicans remaining in power for another term. These new States raise the number in the Union to forty-four; while, according to the recent census, the population of the United States approaches sixty-five millions. Yet patriotic Americans complain of the large foreign element in these numbers, especially when aliens acquire important manufacturing establishments, such as Roach's great Ship-building Yards, near Philadelphia, bought by an English syndicate. The revenue-cutters despatched to Behring's Sea with orders to search British and Canadian sealers have been stopped on the way, in consequence of the English protest; and Mr. Blaine again plans arbitration, this time with the Pope as arbiter. The fishery dispute on the other side of the American Continent is equally acute. In NEWFOUNDLAND the captain of H.M.S. *Emerald* took possession of two of Mr. Baird's lobster-factories at St. George's Bay, as the owner insisted on continuing work. Mr. Baird then summoned Sir Baldwin Walker for trespass, and will fight the case in the Newfoundland Courts on behalf of his fellow-owners.

MISCELLANEOUS.—ITALY finds her Red Sea colonies so far tranquil that the new Governor, General Gandolfi, when assuming office at Massowah, declared that military would now be replaced by civil rule.—HOLLAND still refuses to sign the General Act drawn up by the Anti-Slavery Conference in BELGIUM, and unless her opposition is overcome, the deliberations of seven months will be wasted. Belgium will be obliged to assist the finances of the Congo State, which cannot pay its way for some years to come.—EGYPT is highly wroth with France for her continued opposition in financial matters, and the small owners have held indignation meetings in several towns. Meanwhile, the Government have arranged with several banks for the Conversion, and will issue new Four Per Cent. Bonds.—In the WEST INDIES the recent fire at Fort de France, Martinique, destroyed 1,000 houses, with nearly all the public buildings, and cost thirteen lives. Port Louis, in Guadeloupe, now suffers from a like disaster.—In SOUTH AFRICA General Joubert has left for England to submit counter-proposals respecting Swaziland, President Krüger suggesting that the TRANSVAAL should withdraw in the North and West, and Great Britain in the East. NATAL demands responsible Government, with full control over the natives, and CAPE COLONY wants over seven and a-half millions for railways.—Signs of coming trouble prevail in the Central American Republics, for GUATEMALA endeavours to control SAN SALVADOR in her choice of a new Government, and the latter is appealing to her neighbours for help.



THE QUEEN is entertaining a large family party at Windsor. Besides the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, the Empress Frederick, her daughters, Princesses Victoria and Margaret, and the Princess Victoria's betrothed, Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, are now on a visit to Her Majesty. The German Imperial party arrived on Saturday morning from Flushing in the *Victoria and Albert*, and were escorted by the Duke of Connaught to Windsor, where the Queen, the Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Christian welcomed them at the station. In the evening Her Majesty gave a dinner-party, Prince and Princess Christian and their son joining the Royal circle. Next day the Queen, with the Royal Family and her guests, attended Divine service in the Frogmore Mausoleum, the Bishop of Ripon officiating, and in the afternoon Her Majesty and the Royal party took tea in the Frogmore grounds. On Monday the Queen held a Council, attended by Lords Cranbrook, Cadogan, and Lathom, when Lord Jersey and Mr. W. L. Jackson were sworn in as members. Her Majesty also knighted nine gentlemen. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, lunched at the Castle, and Princess Louise and Lord Lorne arrived to dinner. Next day the Queen and Royal family witnessed a "musical ride" by the Horse Guards in Windsor Park, and entertained at dinner Lord and Lady Wolseley and Count Hatzfeldt.

Her Majesty will hold an Investiture shortly, and will also visit town to see the Royal Military Exhibition before starting for Osborne on the 25th inst. The Empress Frederick and her daughters then leave for Athens, and the next important visitor to the Queen will be the German Emperor, who is expected at Cowes on August 2nd to spend a week. He will sleep on board the *Hohenzollern* during his stay, owing to the limited accommodation at Osborne.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday witnessed the sale of Her Majesty's yearlings at Hampton Court, driving down on Baron de Hirsch's coach. He intended to go on to the Hurst Park Show,

but was prevented by the heavy rain. During his absence the Princesses had a small concert at Marlborough House, where Mdle. Römer sang and Mdle. Tschetschulin played the violin. Next day the Prince and Princess and their daughters went to church as usual, and, after spending Monday at Windsor, were present at the Opera in the evening with the young Princesses of Edinburgh and Prince and Princess Henry. On Tuesday the Prince went to Newmarket. Yesterday (Friday) the Princess would preside at the distribution of certificates to the first members of the National Pension Fund for Nurses, and receive purses towards the benevolent fund for poorer members, the Prince also being present. In the evening the Prince and Princess would attend the State Ball, and to-day (Saturday) they visit the Paddington Recreation Ground, Maida Vale. Next week the Prince holds a Levée, and opens the new Vauxhall Park on Monday, accompanies the Princess to distribute the prizes at the Royal Hospital Schools, Greenwich, on Thursday, and to Countess Howe's ball next evening, while on Saturday the Prince and Princess will attend the inauguration of the Volunteer meeting in the new quarters at Bisley, where the Princess will fire the first shot. They leave for the Isle of Wight on July 28th, and go to the Continent about the middle of August.—Prince George of Wales arrived at Las Palmas, Canary Isles, in the *Thrush*, on Monday.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were at the Opera on Saturday night. On Wednesday they attended the Postal Jubilee Conversation at South Kensington.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught take up their quarters shortly at Bagshot. They went to Lady Jersey's garden party at Osterley Park on Saturday, and on Wednesday the Duke was present at the banquet to Lord Reay at the Northbrook Club.—Princess Louise on Tuesday opened the new Institute attached to St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and went to Mrs. Mackay's party in the evening. Next afternoon she was at the Duchess of Rutland's garden party.—Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg visited the Infant Orphan Asylum at Wandstead on Saturday for the Princess to distribute the prizes.—The ex-Empress Eugénie has gone on a cruise to Norway in the steam yacht *Victoria*.—The betrothal of the heir presumptive to the Belgian Crown, Prince Baudouin, with his cousin Princess Clémentine, youngest daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, will be announced shortly at Brussels.—Probably Princess Victoria of Prussia may be married to Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe on November 21, at Berlin.



LIKE many of his rivals in the field of dramatic enterprise, Mr. Bouchier, who, owing to the unfortunate illness of Mrs. Langtry, succeeded to the management of the ST. JAMES'S, pins his faith upon three-act farces. There are many reasons why he should do so. In the first place, they entail, as a rule, no extravagant expenditure upon scenery or costumes, and rarely need the services of a very expensive company; in the second place, there is abundant evidence that the proportion of the playgoing public who desire "to be harrowed up," as the epicures of tragic emotion express it, is very much smaller than that of the folk who go to the play to seek mere diversion, and to escape from the petty cares of everyday-life. *Your Wife*, a new adaptation by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, which forms the most important item of Mr. Bouchier's programme, is decidedly a piece of the light and farcical kind. Its lightness, indeed, is rather carried to excess, for there is hardly matter enough for three acts in the embarrassments of the married gentleman who is persuaded to lend his wife to a friend in order to maintain the fiction that he has married at the bidding of an imperious relative from whom he has expectations. Mr. Bouchier, in the part of the wife-borrower, however, exerted himself with a laudable determination to be audaciously vivacious; and Mr. Everitt, as the stern and irascible relative, awakened much merriment. Taken altogether, however, the St. James's company, which includes Mr. Ernest Lawford, Miss Dairrolles, Mr. de Lange, and Miss Edith Chester, hardly attain to the wild abandon which farcical absurdity requires. A little play, entitled *Old Friends*, and written by Lady Violet Greville, which furnishes the introduction to the evening's entertainment, is a pretty idyllic trifle—not very novel in motive, nor very deep in its portrayal of human nature; but, on the whole, graceful and pleasing.

Mr. Calmoun's *Cyrene*, which was brought out at a *matinée* at the AVENUE Theatre last week, is like the same author's play *The Amber Heart*, an ambitious attempt in the field of the poetical drama. The verse, however, is lacking in poetical inspiration, and is, as a rule, only distinguishable from prose by the metre and the author's lavish use of faded flowers of rhetoric. When we add that the story is based upon the playwright's purely conventional notion of the ways of the blind, and once more calls upon us to believe that a blind lover, on being restored to sight, persistently mistakes another lady for the woman whom he tenderly loves, and who has long been his constant companion, it will be evident that not much can be said for Mr. Calmoun's play. The blind lover, who is so strangely deficient in the instincts of the blind, and, above all, in their unfeeling ear for the peculiarities of voice, was played by Mr. Henry Neville with feeling, and Miss L. Hingston, as the wicked lady who profits by the hero's mistake to supplant her foster sister, acted with genuine power.

The Daly Company at the LYCEUM have certainly not weakened their bill by the substitution of *Nancy and Co.* for *Casting the Boomerang*. The latter piece, which is already familiar to London audiences, is more frankly farcical than its predecessor, and, on the whole, more diverting. Dull indeed must that spectator be who does not laugh, as Scrub says, "consumedly" at the troubles which Miss Rehan and Mr. John Drew in their respective parts encounter, through concealing from the lady's husband the fact that they are collaborating in the production of a new play. Miss Rehan, whose tenderness, though very pretty and very womanly, does not go very deep, is seen at her best in situations of this half-ludicrous, half-distressing kind. The comedy is played throughout with that smoothness and neatness of touch which is the first and best reason of the fact that the Daly Company in London is always welcome.

The recital from *Macbeth*, given by Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry at St. James's Hall last week, proved to be as successful in town as it has been in the country. Severely critical ears have never been quite satisfied with Mr. Irving's elocution; but the public have agreed to take this immensely popular actor and manager "with all faults"—as the auctioneers say—and certainly nothing could have been more enthusiastic than the reception accorded to him as he stepped forward with the accomplished lady and admirable actress who shares in these triumphs, to take his stand at the little reading-desk. While Mr. Irving reads Miss Terry sits, and *vice versa*, which has a rather odd effect—the more particularly as her partner speaks for many of the personages of the play, while she confines herself to the utterances of Lady Macbeth. The recital will be repeated on the afternoon of the 16th inst.

The alarming rumours that have been circulated regarding Madame Sarah Bernhardt's state of health were painfully confirmed

on Friday in last week, when she was seized on the stage with a fainting-fit of so serious a character that it was found necessary to drop the curtain, and bring the performance to an abrupt close. On the next day she exhibited her indomitable resolution by playing her arduous part in Mr. Barbier's *Jeanne d'Arc* both in the afternoon and evening; but it has been only too evident from the first that these feats are beyond her strength.

Papa's Honeymoon, a new farcical comedy from the German, by Messrs. Sylvani Mayer and W. B. Tarpey, was tried at the CRITERION on Saturday afternoon last. It belongs to the rather heavy order of German farces, but Mr. Blakeley, as the widower, who endeavours to conceal the fact of his second marriage, while he introduces his young bride to his grown-up daughters as a "governess" whom he has engaged for their tuition, was very droll, and the piece was indulgently received.

Though the theatres have been, and are still, exceptionally busy, there are signs of the approach of what used to be called the "dull season." Both the HAYMARKET and the ADELPHI will close after the end of next week—the former to reopen on the 1st of October, the latter to fling wide its doors with Messrs. Sims and Buchanan's new romantic drama on the 2nd of August.

Thursday next is the date arranged for the *matinée* performance of *Frou-Frou* at the ST. JAMES'S on behalf of "The Buttercup and Daisy Fund."

Sowing and Reaping, which has been tried at two *matinée* performances, will this evening take the place at the CRITERION of the revival of *She Sloops to Conquer*.

Mr. Irving and the Lyceum company made their first appearance at the GRAND Theatre, Islington, on Monday evening in *The Bells*. The price of stalls was five shillings only, which an arithmetical person pointed out is barely half the half-guinea charged at the Lyceum. A crowded audience welcomed Mr. Irving and his associates.

"IN DARKEST AFRICA"*

MR. STANLEY'S book is indeed the Book of the Season. Its subject is one that belongs to him alone, its style has all the vigour of an explorer and a leader of men; its maps are original and new; its illustrations are in every way excellent, and all that printer, binder, and publisher could do, working against time, has been done to put the book before the public, while the remembrance of the relief of Emin is yet fresh in the minds of all men, and before the world that reads and profits by such books has dispersed on its own autumn travels.

The introductory letter to Sir W. Mackinnon is a mysterious and mystic document, but the narrative of travel is straightforward and absorbing in the highest degree. Much of the opening chapter is already well known, and accounts of the reasons that led to the formation of the Expedition; Mr. Stanley's departure for Zanzibar; his journey up the Congo, and his plunge into the Great Equatorial Forest; have been told on former occasions. But that which was merely sketched in outline before is here told in full. The terrors of the dense forest, the dangers from dwarfs and other natives, and, worst of all, the risk of starvation, are most graphically set forth, and the courage and devotion of the little band of officers are acknowledged in terms that are worthy of the commander and of the subalterns. Upon the map there is one terrible spot called "Starvation Camp," at which Captain Nelson and his Zanzibaris nearly lost their lives, and were only saved by the arrival of Mr. Jephson with provisions. Mr. Jephson describes his arrival at the camp in a despatch to Mr. Stanley:—

"As I came down the hill into Nelson's camp not a sound was heard but the groans of two dying men in a hut close by, the whole place had a deserted and woe-begone look. I came quietly round the tent, and found Nelson sitting there; we clasped hands, and then, poor fellow! he turned away and sobbed, and muttered something about being very weak. Nelson was greatly changed in appearance, being worn and haggard-looking, with deep lines about eyes and mouth. . . . He had lived chiefly upon fruits and fungus, which his two boys had brought in from day to day. Of the fifty-two men you left with him only five remained, of whom two were in a dying state. All the rest had either deserted him or were dead."

Just before emerging from the great forest, the explorers reached the large village of Iyugu, the street of which was forty feet wide. Four days later the Expedition was in the Grass-land, and making straight for the Great Lakes. The meeting with Emin Pasha and Captain Casati is admirably told, and then there are some chapters devoted to the story of the Governor, and his position in his province. The first volume ends with the sad story of the rear column, and of the second march through the dense forest to its relief. In an appendix is given the log of the rear column, and Major Barttelot's last report of events at Yambuya.

The second volume, which, though perhaps not so exciting as the first, is more valuable from a geographical point of view, opens with the start for the third journey to the Nyanza. Starvation Camp again levied its toll, and the Expedition underwent terrible hardships. Strong parties had been sent out to look for plantains; but, as they did not return, the situation of the sick and enfeebled in the camp became desperate in the extreme. "A box of European provisions was opened, a pot of butter and milk were taken out, and a table-spoonful of each dropped into the earthenware pots that were already filled with boiling water. In this manner a thin broth was made, which would serve to protract the agony of existence." At last the foragers returned, and relieved the starving men in camp, and then a start was made for Fort Bodo.

When Stanley again reached the Nyanza, Emin Pasha and his officers joined the camp at Kavalli. Emin was a Pasha in name only, for the Egyptian Government in Central Africa was dead. Among his officers were Mahdist agents and traitors, and he himself was deposed, and to all intents and purposes a prisoner among his own troops. However, at the time of the meeting with Stanley's force the rebel officers had professed their sorrow to Emin, and he, easy-going man, had believed their tales, and taken them into favour again. Stanley did not trust them, and the sequel showed that he was perfectly right, but at Kavalli he paraded them and addressed them on the subject of his Expedition. The treacherous officers all professed themselves the Khédive's most loyal servants, and declared that they would go with Stanley and the Pasha to the coast as they were commanded. By these specious professions, they hoped to take Stanley off his guard, and after massacring the members of the Expedition, to seize their arms and ammunition, and return to live at their ease in the Soudan. Fortunately, their plans were discovered, and no harm came of them; but as Selim Bey and the bulk of the troops never joined at the appointed time, they were left behind when the Expedition finally started for the coast. Emin Pasha, from some fancied call of duty, was most anxious to remain with his people, as he called his rebellious and traitorous officers, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Stanley succeeded in inducing him to march for the coast.

The second volume contains the account of Mr. Stanley's geographical discoveries round the sources of the Nile, and near the Albert Edward Nyanza, and also his descriptions of the dwarfs and the tribes of the Grass-land region. To geographers it will be the most interesting portion of the book, for it fills up spaces on the map which before were blank or at least incorrectly drawn. But, to

* "In Darkest Africa; or the Quest, Rescue, and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria." By Henry M. Stanley (2 vols.: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, Limited).

most people the journeys through the black depths of the Equatorial Forest will be the favourite part of the story. The two volumes are most excellently and fully illustrated by Riou, Montbard, Forrester, Schonberg, and Sydney Hall, and the magnificent maps are the work of Mr. Edward Stanford. We are promised a supplementary volume in the autumn; it will be written by Mr. Jephson, and will relate the history of the nine months he spent in Wadelai with Emin Pasha as a prisoner among the mutinous troops. The three volumes will form a perfect record of the stupendous enterprise undertaken by Mr. Stanley and his gallant lieutenants.

THE WOODPECKER AND THE TELEGRAPH-POST

THE woodpecker and portion of telegraph-post here represented were recently exhibited to the Cardiff Naturalists' Society by the President, John Gavey, Esq. In the course of his official duties as District Engineer of Postal Telegraphs, several instances of injury to poles in the neighbourhood of Shipton-on-Stour, caused by large holes being driven into, and almost through them, were brought under his notice. A watch was set, and the depredator discovered in the form of what the watchman described as a "stock-eagle," which, when shot, turned out to be a poor little woodpecker. The



WOODPECKER ATTACKING A TELEGRAPH POST

bird is thought to have been misled by the humming noise, conducted through the wood from the wires, with the belief that a store of insect delicacies awaited extraction from the interior, and, with energy worthy of a better result, it "slogged" away until it had arrived within half an inch of the opposite side. Then the fatal shot terminated the work, and no historian may have the opportunity of chronicling the language in which it would have indulged as its bill emerged into the wide, wide world at the other side of the pole, which would, doubtless, have equalled in form that of the "blue jay" immortalised by Mark Twain.

JOAN OF ARC'S HOME AT DOMRÉMY will be restored by the French Government to represent as nearly as possible its original condition in the time of the Maid. Further, the house is to contain copies of all the most famous paintings and sculpture dealing with Joan of Arc. Her memory has been honoured, especially, of late in France, and Nancy kept holiday on Sunday to inaugurate a fine statue of Joan, presented by a Gallic millionaire, M. Osiris. Some thirty descendants of Joan's brothers were present. Commemorative Services were held in the Cathedral and the Jewish Synagogue, Ministers came down from Paris to deliver orations on the national heroine, and the evening closed with fourteen banquets and a display of fireworks.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING has been celebrated in Germany with great festivities during the past week. After Mayence had led the way by féting the 450th anniversary of the discovery by Gutenberg, Strassburg and Cologne continued the commemoration on Saturday and Sunday, the "fest commers" at Cologne being especially brilliant. Various speakers traced the rise of the invention from its cradle in the humble workshop at Mayence, and a short play, *Gutenberg*, was performed, wherein a veiled figure wearing an electric diadem sang songs in honour of printing, the vast audience taking up the choruses with a will. A grand musical festival followed next day, while a most interesting exhibition of "the curiosities of the black-letter art" was held in the Town Library, including some first specimens of Gutenberg and other early printers' handicraft.

THE CONGO will be thoroughly explored for scientific purposes by two Belgian officers, who start this week from Flushing. Captains Delporte and Gillis are sent out for two years by the Belgian Government, and propose to ascend the Congo as far as Nyangwe, thence strike across country to the Sankourou river, which they will follow to its junction with the Kassai, and thus regain the Congo. Their chief duties are to draw up a complete atlas of the Congo regions; to describe each district in its relation to Belgian commerce, noting the requirements of the region, the attitude of the natives towards Europeans, and the most valuable products; and, finally, to take scientific observations. Another important expedition to this district is being despatched by the Congo Commercial Company, in order to explore the remote feeders of the great river. Seven Europeans, headed by M. Delcommune, will be escorted by one hundred and fifty native soldiers, and will journey from the Upper Congo and its tributary, the Lomami, into the country west of Lakes Moero and Bangweolo.



THE MONUMENT maintains its attraction for visitors to the City. Nearly 46,000 persons ascend the column within the year, yielding an income of 570*l*.

HELIGOLANDERS dislike serving in either the navy or the army. Within the last five years only four islanders entered the navy, and one of these soon left through home-sickness.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU THIS SEASON was made last week by three German ladies. An English lady, also, was the second climber of the year on the Matterhorn.

THE PASSPORT RULES ON THE FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER have been relaxed just in time for the tourist season. Henceforward no traveller going beyond Kehl will need a passport.

THE VALUE OF WHITEWASH in destroying infection has been investigated by a doctor at the Pisa University. He tried the experiment on the microbes of cholera, typhoid, carbuncle, and tuberculosis. Portions of the walls of a room were infected with the various microbes, and covered with a coat of whitewash, the room being closed hermetically for twenty-four hours. The doctor then found that the whitewash effectually destroyed the cholera and typhoid bacillus, but the microbes of the other diseases survived several repeated applications.

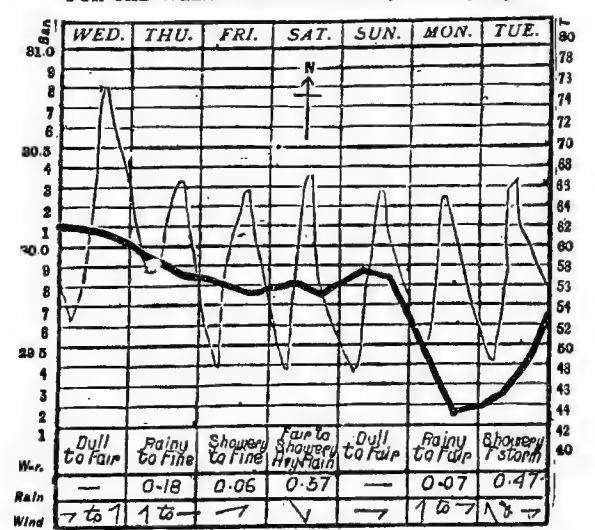
SUNDAY MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE finds an advocate in the Queen. The East Terrace of Windsor Castle was opened to the public last Sunday afternoon, after having been closed during Her Majesty's residence at the Castle ever since the Prince Consort's death. Seven thousand persons listened to an excellent military band, and the Queen watched the scene from a window, while the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince and Princess Henry walked about. Two bands will play to-morrow (Sunday) on the Terrace, which is to be opened every Sunday afternoon during the summer.

CHINA seems to be abandoning her opposition to railways, and is planning a line through Mongolia. Two British engineers, with a couple of Chinese officials, have made the preliminary survey, the Pekin Government professing their readiness to construct a railway to the Russian frontier. On her side Russia is busy with plans for Asiatic lines, now that the Trans-Caspian Railway has proved a success, and the Afghan merchants are sending large quantities of cotton by that route. The most important project provides for a line through the Caucasus to Tiflis, with a tunnel nearly three miles long under the principal chain of the range.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, proposed by Mr. Henry Tate, receives the Government approval in modified form. The Lords of the Treasury state that such a collection might be housed in the South Kensington Exhibition Galleries, together with other modern British pictures now scattered about in various institutions. The question of the Gallery being under different control from other State collections and receiving annual Government grants for purchases must, however, be left for future consideration. Meanwhile, an anonymous donor offers 3,000*l*. towards a new building for such a collection, on condition that the Gallery should be open for at least four hours on Sundays. Another British Art amateur, Mr. M'Ewan, M.P., has given 5,000*l*. to the Scottish National Gallery, to buy additional pictures, and a Rembrandt in particular. Though no Rembrandt has been in the market, some valuable works have been sold in London within the last week—witness, the "Stover" collection, belonging to the late Duke of Somerset. The gems of this collection were two fine "Gainsboroughs" the Duke of Hamilton and Lord A. Hamilton, sold respectively for 1,575*l*. and 4,410*l*.; a portrait of Henrietta Maria by Vandyck, 1,050*l*.; a landscape by Hobbema, 2,100*l*.; and "The Dairy Farm," by Paul Potter, 6,090*l*. The "Farnley Hall" Turners have also been dispersed at the price of 24,361*l*.; while Gibson's "Tinted Venus" has been sold to Messrs. Pears for 1,837*l*.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1890



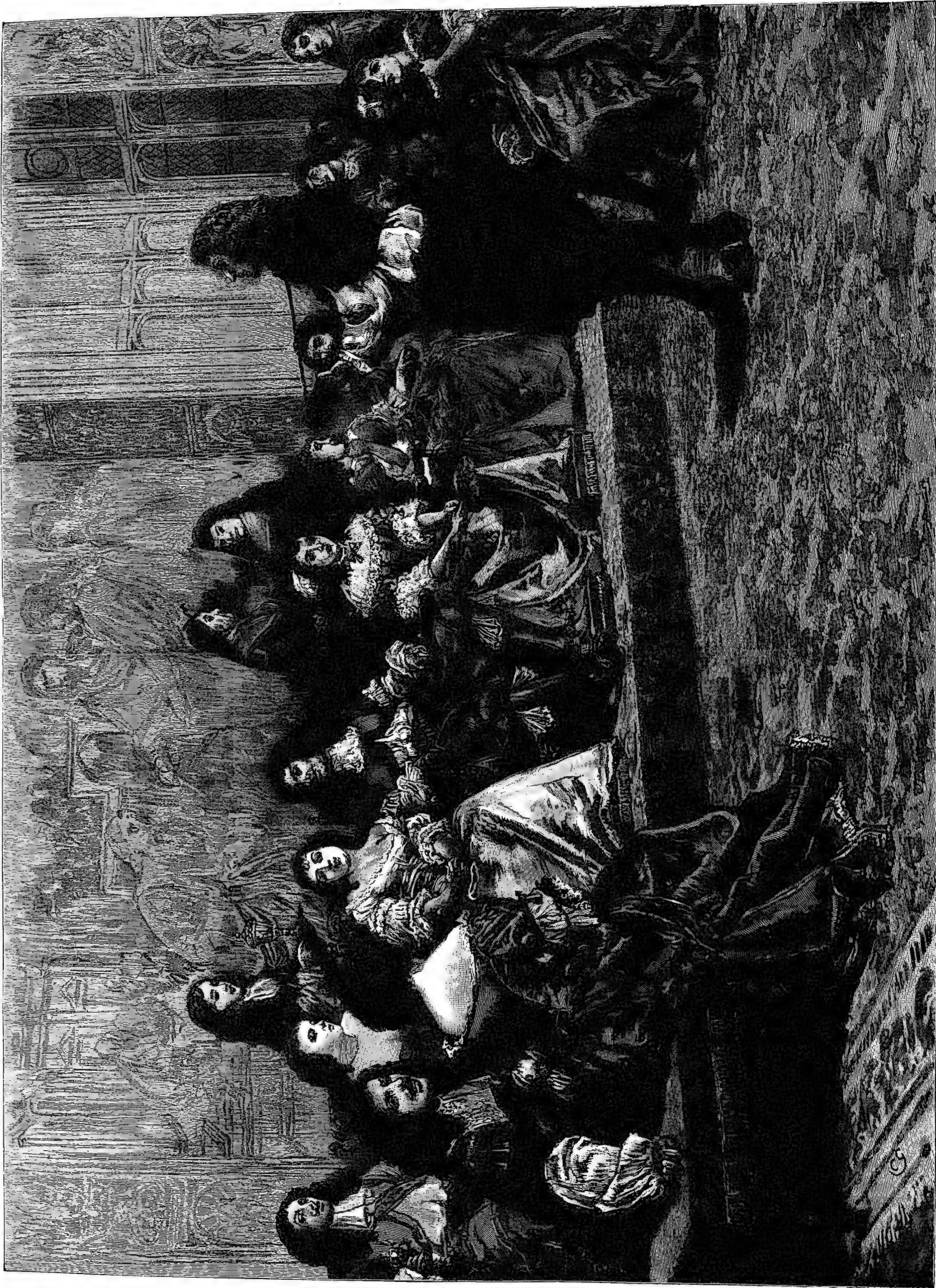
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (1st inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has again been of an unsettled and rainy character in all parts of the United Kingdom. During the major portion of the time pressure has been lowest over Scandinavia, or over the Northern or North-Western parts of our Islands, and highest to the extreme Southward or South-Eastward of our area. The winds have been mostly light in force from some Westerly point over the Southern portion of the United Kingdom, and somewhat variable in the North. At the commencement of the time a whole gale from the Westward was experienced in the North-East of Scotland, causing considerable local damage, and again towards the close of the week strong winds were felt from the North-West of Ireland to the close of the period a depression travelled from the West, and fresh East of England, and produced strong Northerly breezes in the West, and fresh Westerly winds along our South Coasts. The sky has been more or less dull throughout the week, the percentage of bright sunshine being very deficient generally, especially over Central Scotland and in Ireland. Thunderstorms have occurred in various places. Rainfall has been very general from day to day, the largest daily amounts ranging from half to three quarters of an inch at several of the Irish and English Stations. Temperature has been uniformly low for the time of the year; the highest daily values, which occurred at the commencement of the time over Midland England, just fell short of 75°. Frequently the maxima have failed to reach 60° in many parts of our Islands. During the early part of the week the minima were decidedly high over a great portion of the country. At the close of the period unsettled conditions were still in force very generally.

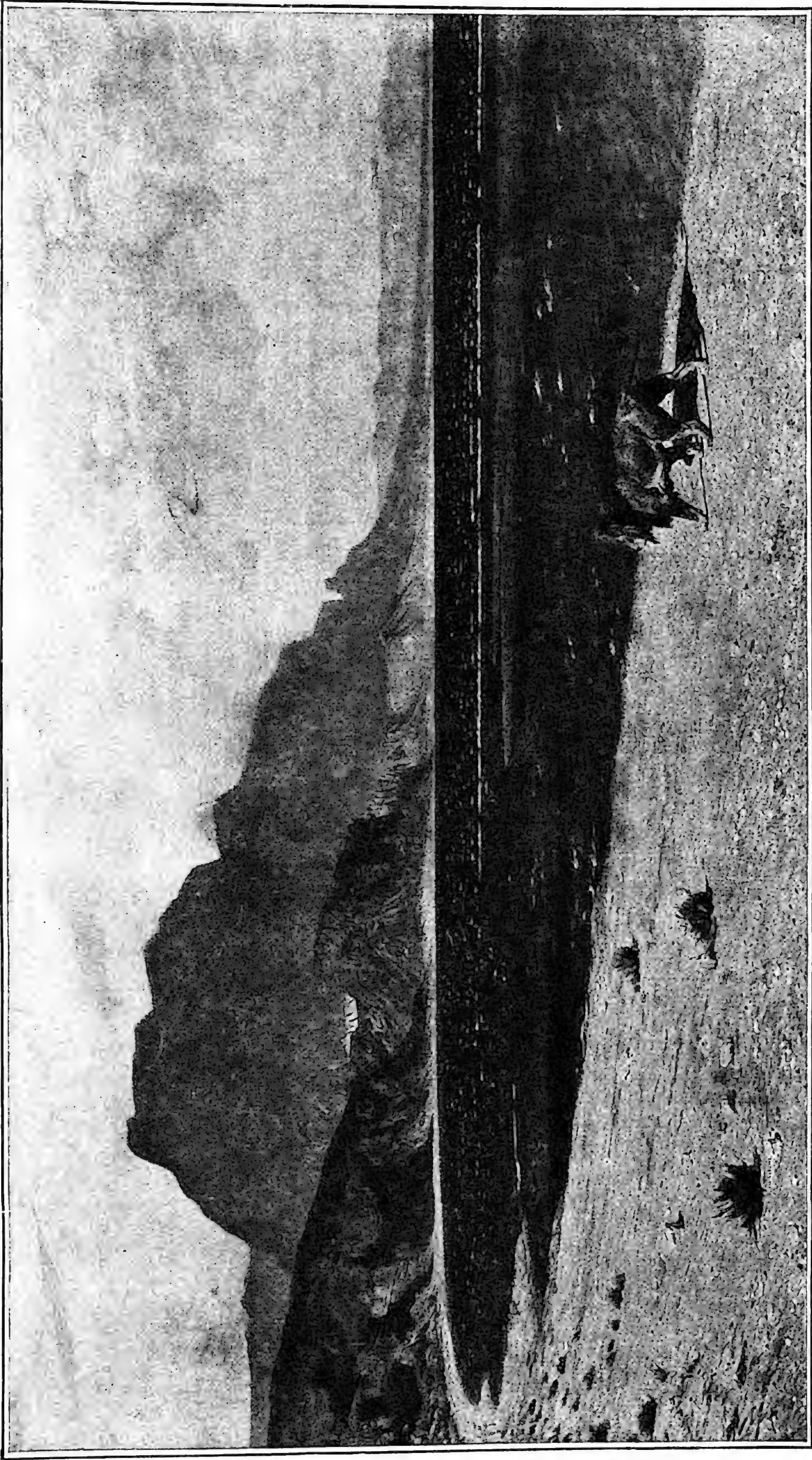
The barometer was highest (30.12 inches) on Wednesday (25th ult.); lowest (29.18 inches) on Monday (30th ult.); range 0.94 inch.

The temperature was highest (77°) on Wednesday (25th ult.); lowest (48°) on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday (28th, 29th, and 30th ult.); range 29°.

Rain fell on five days. Total amount 1.35 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.47 inch on Tuesday (1st inst.)



Lady Castlemaine Charles II. The Queen, attended by her Spanish Duennas
HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF HAMPTON COURT—CHARLES II. AND HIS COURT AT THE PALACE DURING THE PLAGUE OF LONDON



"A LION IN SEARCH OF ITS PREY"
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. L. GÉRÔME

HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF HAMPTON COURT III.

JAMES I. no sooner arrived in his new kingdom than he, with eagerness to realise the extent of his inheritance, paid visits in turn to all the palaces that had fallen into his possession. The King had devised a plan after his own heart for filling his coffers, and from Hampton Court, when he had been there but a day or two, he issued, July 17th, 1603, a general summons to all persons he possessed in land of forty pounds and upwards a year to come to Court and receive the honour of knighthood—of course, paying him the stipulated fees, or, if they declined this marketable dignity, they were enjoined to pay substantial fines for refusing the proffered distinction. The first instalments of the cheapened knighthoods were conferred at the palace, where, moreover, in the presence of the Queen and Court, James, with vast ceremonial, in the Great Hall, created eleven new Peers, from the same interested motives. The first Christmastide after James's advent to the Throne was celebrated at the palace with a magnificence intended to revive the splendid pageants associated with Hampton Court under the Tudor rule. Elizabeth had lent her countenance to the performance of masques, and the event of the season was to be "a royal masque," prepared under the direction of the Duke of Lennox and Lady Bedford; Queen Elizabeth's lest apparel was brought from the Tower, her wardrobe ransacked, and her rich robes carved up to be converted into masquing habits; to Samuel Daniel, Master of the Revels, was entrusted the composition of the lyrics; Inigo Jones probably undertook the important elements of scenery and "machinery." The title of the piece was *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses*; the Queen and her ladies, "deck'd in dead Betty's boddices," performing the principal characters. Anne of Denmark, who was a fine imposing personage, of majestic stature, has left on record "her clothes were not so much below the knee but that we might see a woman had both feet and legs, which I never knew before. She had a pair of buskins set with rich stones, a helmet full of jewels, and her whole attire embossed with jewels of several fashions." The masque was succeeded by a ball. On the same authority, the twelve goddesses distinguished themselves in their dances with the ambassadors—"for galliards and corantos they went by discretion, and the young Prince (Henry) was tossed from hand to hand like a tennis-ball. . . . For good grace and good footmanship Pallas bore the bell away." The Ambassadors were feasted at the Court in batches during the same Christmas festivities. The greatest nicety had to be exercised in attempting to reconcile their mutual animosities; for the rivalry between the French and Spanish envoys led to endless anxieties, and it was inexpedient that they should both be invited to the same entertainment.

The Queen and Prince evidently loved masquerades, but it does not appear that these diversions were to the King's taste. The Royal pedant, however, enjoyed, in what was called the "Hampton Court Conference," an opportunity to his inclination of airing his scholarship, his authority, and his doctrines—especially that of "passive obedience to Kings." The occasion was a meeting between the prelates of the Church and certain Puritan divines to settle the question of Conformity, the King, as "Moderator," proving himself the most violent partisan against the entire body of Dissenters. Instead of conciliating the great mass of Nonconformists, the Royal vanity led James to prove to them that they had nothing to hope from his "moderation"; the opportunity was lost for mutual concessions which might have assured the stability of his throne, and saved his successor from the scaffold. The Bishops were delighted with the King's onslaught on their opponents, and professed to recognise in his bigoted and coarse invective the voice of Divine inspiration. "I wist not what they mean," wrote Sir John Harrington, "but the spirit was rather foul-mouthed;" "he rather used upbraids than arguments, and told them they wanted to strip Christ again, and bid them away with their snivelling." Said the Monarch, "If you aim at a Scottish Presbytery, it agreeth as well with Monarchy as God and the Devil." "I will make them conform themselves, or I will harry them out of this land, or else do worse," was James's impolitic concluding speech.

A legacy of wrath on the part of Nonconformists was treasured up as the result of this Conference; an attitude of uncompromising hostility finally, under Charles I., developed into the deadly struggle of the Great Rebellion. The practical outcome of this Church dispute was the new translation of the Bible, a suggestion which, though due to a Puritan divine, and opposed by the Bishops, enlisted the scholarly instincts of the Scot.

"I profess," said the King, "I could never see a Bible well translated into English, but I think that, of all, that of Geneva is the worst. I wish some special pains were taken for a uniform translation."

The promising and chivalrous Henry Prince of Wales came to reside at Hampton Court; there he found everything to delight his taste for sport, and for manly and outdoor exercises. Thither came the King's brother-in-law, Christian IV. of Denmark, who was joyously entertained with hunting and feasting, and in return taught the courtiers of both sexes to drink deeply—"the ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication," wrote Harrington.

In 1619, Anne of Denmark breathed her last at the Palace; her disease a complication of gout, dropsy, and phthisis; in her last moments giving her blessing to Prince Charles, in whose favour she, on her death-bed, signed a will.

On his accession, Charles I., shortly after his marriage, came to Hampton Court, where his life was not a tranquil one. Thwarted by the French advisers of his youthful bride, who injudiciously allowed her followers to sow distrust and coldness between the King and Queen, Charles struggled to send the French followers out of the kingdom, in defiance of his marriage contract, and finally insisted on their dismissal, by this high-handed proceeding rendering a war with France unpleasantly imminent. Charles indulged his tastes for the Fine Arts by collecting pictures and decorating the apartments at Hampton Court. He also projected a great deer park, and proposed to enclose the country to Richmond. For a time he would not be dissuaded from this unpopular undertaking, and "already caused the bricks to be burned and much of the wall to be built upon his own land."

Eventually the King was obliged to abandon this scheme. "The Grand Remonstrance," voted by the House of Commons, was presented to Charles at Hampton Court in November, 1641; and, after the failure of the King's ill-advised attempt, the February following, to arrest the five members, he, with his wife, children, and household, fled to Hampton Court, thus leaving the metropolis in the hands of his opponents, and the Great Rebellion swiftly followed.

Overwhelmed with the perils of his situation, the King left the Palace. The Parliamentarians, after the battle of Naseby, where the Royalist cause was practically lost, took possession of Hampton Court, and, with Puritan zeal, demolished the stained glass and destroyed the altarpiece and pictures of saints, sweeping away from the Chapel Royal all traces of what they regarded as idolatrous worship. The fallen King, after he had been sold by the Scots to the English Parliament, was by the Army brought to Hampton Court, August, 1647; there he resided "rather as a guarded and attended Prince than as a conquered and purchased captive," and was allowed access to his children. The Parliamentary Commissioners, with a guard of soldiers, resided at the Palace; Ireton and Fairfax came from the Army to pay their respects, and Cromwell

had frequent conferences there with Charles; meanwhile the King was vainly attempting to play off one party against the other, and, finally, harassed with plots and threats of assassination, as he alleged, "loath to be made a close prisoner, under the pretence of securing his life," the King contrived to make his escape from Hampton Court Palace, November 11th, 1647, by this rash proceeding playing into the hands of his evilwishers, and precipitating that adverse fate which shortly brought his head to the block.

JOSEPH GREGO

(To be continued)

PALMA OF MALLORCA

BEFORE the year 1225 of our era, the city of Palma of the Balearics bore the name of the island of which it was then, as it still is, the capital, to wit, Mallorca. The Moors then held the Balearics as fast as for many a year afterwards they held Granada and the South of Spain. The conquest was not a very arduous task for the King James of Arragon who undertook it. A certain Barcelona merchant one day complained bitterly to the King of the losses which he and his brethren suffered at the hands of the piratic Moors of the little Archipelago. The good trader also said what he could about the attractive nature of the islands, their fertility, and their convenient situation between Europe and Africa, Sardinia and Spain. That sufficed. King James collected his barons, requisitioned his merchants for pecuniary aid, and one fine day set out with a lusty fleet, and in great good humour, resolved in his heart to swell his realm with the addition of the three troublesome islands, of which Mallorca was the largest.

The usual vicissitudes intervened, however, before the conquest was achieved. Storms, which we should think rather trivial, blew upon his fleet, and scattered his ships. When at length the Christians did get a footing in the land they found the Moors a very substantial foe, by no means easy to overcome even with the aid of those generous vows of cathedrals and shrines which were so apt upon occasion to issue from the lips of Christian warriors in those days for the propitiation of Heaven. But the resistance was short. The Spaniards pressed the siege of Palma and its eighty thousand Moslems. They shot the heads of slaughtered Moors into the city from their catapults—as some warning of the fate of the rest if they tried the patience of the King of Arragon to the uttermost. On their part, too, the Moors, under their Vali, or Sovereign, did not hesitate to crucify upon the stout walls of the city such prisoners as they had the luck to take. There could be little mercy at the conclusion of the siege between besieged and besiegers of such stamina as this. And so we read of the terrible slaughter of Moors when at length the city was taken by assault, and the Arragonese rushed sword in hand into the streets of the capital, "with the sweet name of Mary upon their lips."

When Palma became a Christian city, Mallorca readily passed into the power of the Spaniards. Such of the Moors as remained in the island among the mountains of the north-west, or in the caves on the east coast, soon found their life unendurable; and they either submitted to the Christian rule, or exiled themselves to Tunis or elsewhere on the north coast of Africa. Thus, from the middle of the thirteenth century, Mallorca has been a Spanish possession. The adjacent islands of Menorca and Ibiza were easily conquered a little later than Mallorca.

There is not much trace of Moorish times in Palma nowadays. The old palace of the Moslem rulers, towering high by the head of the little bay, still in part remains to stir the memory. Doubtless, too, the massive fortifications which girdle the city on all sides except close to the port, are upon Moorish foundations. They are perfectly useless, but very picturesque. It appeals to one's sense of the romantic, and one's inborn love for things and fashions mediæval, to pass from the country outside by a stout drawbridge, and through a dull, dark, tunnel in the wall, into the streets of the city. Over the portals are the heraldic bearings and inscriptions of Spain in the time of the early Philips. The great moat which surrounds the walls is void of water, and utterly disused. One thinks of the energy with which such a famous hotbed would have been worked by the natives of other lands. The moats of the walls of Canea and Candia in Crete, for instance, are market gardens of the first order. And Palma is content to be more negligent than the Turks of Crete! The battlements, too, of the walls are of course yielding to time. Here and there a gun points at nothing in particular, in the same attitude that no doubt it has preserved these two or three score years. Under the walls on the port side of the city, where the smell of dried and dying seaweed and the residuum of the city sewage is almost too pungent for unaccustomed nostrils, are divers other dismantled guns in a medley, like so many liberated hop-poles. The times for real, stern, warlike demonstration have been few and brief for Palma. She has almost, if not utterly, forgotten even the semblance of the art of self-defence.

One thing in Palma meets the eye even more conspicuously than its brown walls and litter of purposeless artillery. This is the cathedral, which the Conqueror and his successors built in fulfilment of the vow to "Mary, Queen of Heaven." Its graceful pinnacles on high ground close to the old palace of the Moslems are a pretty sight from the bay, with the blue sky behind them. They lose something on close inspection, of course. But in Spanish lands one soon learns to be content with each impression or sensation of pleasure as it arises. That is true Iberian philosophy. And so one need not think or say hard things about the nonchalance of the rich Palma citizens and nobility because after a while one discovers that time has been allowed to nibble sadly at the glorious southern side of the cathedral, and also that the makeshift buttresses and stop-gaps of windows are enough to turn the stomach of an architect. The glass of the fine rose-windows at both ends of the cathedral is also quite appalling in its glare of strong green, coarse blue, and blinding red. One would like above all things to set Mr. Ruskin in the precincts of this heterogeneous construction, and hear him take up his parable in unmitigated criticism.

Elsewhere in the city are other churches, mostly founded in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with graceful porches, and some with conventual buildings attached of remarkable beauty. Indeed, upon the whole, nothing is more attractive in Palma than its architecture. The houses of the nobility still keep that solid character which was a feature of great houses three or four centuries ago. And yet there is consummate taste in the design of their inner courtyards, with the stately marble staircases and colonnades which ascend from or surround them. One is interested particularly in a certain four or five-storied building in a by-street, with delicate marble shafts to its small Moorish windows. Here, centuries ago, lived a family of Bonapartes. According to local documents, it seems incontestable that the Bonapartes of Ajaccio and the Bonapartes of Palma were shoots from the same stem, if, indeed, the Ajaccio family was not immediately descended from immigrants who left Palma for Corsica in the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Be that as it may, though the street is very narrow, it is a fine house, and one which no man need be ashamed to own as the dwelling-place of his ancestors. It is surprising, however (if the claim of Palma upon the family of Bonaparte be well founded), that Napoleon himself has left us no word upon the subject.

Some say that Palma is too relaxing a place to merit high praise as a health, or even a pleasure, resort. It can hardly be that in winter, whatever it may be in late spring and summer. Snow is not altogether a mere tradition here. Winter after winter, indeed, it

comes upon the mountains twenty or thirty miles to the north and west of the city. They are not mountains of vast elevation either, the highest being but about four thousand feet above the sea level. No doubt, however, the south winds which sometimes oppress the city are not supreme stimulants to action. Speaking for myself, even in April, I have felt utterly unstrung in the place—discontented with the world, unable to put one leg vigorously before the other, indisposed to say two words where one would suffice, and that sort of thing—symptoms which do not seem to indicate a locality for which we of the north are particularly adapted. But it was by no means always so. With a change of wind came a change of sensations; and whereas one day it was a grievous effort to walk to the top of Conqueror Street (in which the chief hotel is situated) or to the Town Hall, where there is a famous broad carved eave to throw a wide shadow across the pavement, the next day I thought little or nothing of a walk at noon to the Castle of Bellver, a matter of about a couple of miles, on a roadway distractedly dusty.

Of course, Palma is somewhat sleepy. That is the best of these out-of-the-way capitals of Spanish provinces. One can get bustle, and noise, and electric light, and tramways elsewhere. But it is rather discreditably to a community so rich and prosperous as this that their island should be positively retrograding educationally. Reading and writing are more of an accomplishment here than they used to be. For all that, ideas of the kind called progressive are not scouted in Palma. On the last Sunday of my stay in the city, I attended a meeting of sympathisers with the strike movement which was then agitating the Continent, and particularly Barcelona and Valencia, the cities with which it has most intercourse. The meeting was held in the theatre, and great was the concourse. There was abundance of the ready eloquence of the South. Every one was well conducted, and nearly every one smoked. It was a most exemplary meeting indeed, yet it ended—in smoke; in other words—nothing. But what did it matter? For that is another point—good point, perhaps—of these out-of-the-way capitals of Spanish provinces: whatever happens, nobody cares very much. One lives in an atmosphere of agreeable irresponsibility that fits our ungovernable inclinations like a glove upon a hand.

C. E.



MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—"Album of Six Songs," words by Alfred P. Graves, music by Mary Carmichael, contains a pretty set of ballads of an Irish type in a compact form, very useful for after dinner performance.—No. I. of "Songs from Shakespeare" (for two voices) is, "Who is Sylvia?" Evening Music in canon for two equal voices, words from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the music by Theo. Marzials, is of more than ordinary merit, and may lay claim to originality.—A sweet love song is, "What am I without Thee?" written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Stephen Adams.—There is a ring of true sentiment in "Cap and Bells," written and composed by Clifton Bingham and John Crook, although the moral has often been pointed before.—A capital comic song for the drawing-room is "The Merry Monks," words by Edward Oxenford, music by Arthur E. Godfrey.—"Six Drawing-Room Ditties," words and music by "Chanticleer," are of a very cheerful type, useful for encores. "The New Complaint" (No. II.), is a funny skit upon that serious subject—the influenza.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"O Sing to the Lord a New Song," a festival anthem by Matthew Kingston, words from Psalm xcvi., gained a prize offered by the proprietors of the *Musical Journal* for the best musical anthem; it well merits success, and will prove a useful addition to the repertory of any church choir; there is a very pleasing solo for a soprano in this anthem (the *Musical Journal* Office).—A facetious little song is "The Telephone," written and composed by Charles Riminton and Cuthbert E. Clark (Messrs. E. George and Co.).—A fairly good song of the tender passion is "A Love Dream," words by J. D. Fitzgerald, music by Edgar Barnes (The Moorgate Publishing Company).—The clever and popular composer Arthur Henry Brown has composed "Twelve Original Voluntaries" (in various styles), for the organ or harmonium; they are brief and unpretentious, but worthy of unqualified praise (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—Three pieces, "Romance," "Idylle," and "Barcarolle," for violoncello and pianoforte, by W. Noel Johnson, are to be commended to students (Charles Woolhouse).—An attractive pianoforte piece for the drawing-room is "Entr'acte" from *Zuleika, the Turkish Slave*, a comic opera by Henry J. Wood (Joseph Williams).—Danceable and tuneful is "Cycling Waltz," by A. J. Linhaem Smith (Messrs. Marriott and Williams).

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES will be shocked to hear the record of a Russian centenarian, who has just died at Perm at the respectable age of 105. Since he was eighteen years old he had gone to bed dead drunk every night. He had on y been ill once in his life, when he fell asleep in the street during a fit of intoxication, and his nose and ears were frozen.

SUTTEE does not quite die out in India, despite all efforts, and a case occurred recently at Gya, near Patna. The widow's relatives declared that, though the woman was locked into a room to prevent her following the custom, her clothes took fire miraculously, yet there was no fire or light of any kind near. She then insisted on going to the cremation ground, ascended the funeral pyre, and was burnt to death, asking only once for water. Eye-witnesses further assert that when both bodies were burnt to ashes, fountains sprang up each side of the pyre and extinguished the flames.

ENGLAND WILL BENEFIT CONSIDERABLY by the reductions arranged at the Telegraph Conference in Paris. Following the lowering of telegraphic rates between Great Britain and Germany, Holland, France, and Belgium to 2d. per word, the following concessions are now made—a reduction in Austria, Hungary, and Italy, from 4½d. to 3d. per word; in Switzerland, from 3½d. to 3d., in Sweden, from 5d. to 4d.; in Denmark and Norway, from 4d. to 3½d.; in Spain, from 4½d. to 4d.; in Portugal and Gibraltar, from 5½d. to 4½d.; in Malta, from 7d. to 6d.; and in Russia, from 6½d. to 5½d. Thanks to the efforts made by Lloyd's, the charge abroad for semaphore messages between ships and the land will be reduced to a franc—half the present charge, while Lloyd's will also lower the present charge to foreigners to 1s. for similar messages.

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NEW NOVELS

"A BRUMMAGE BARON," by John A. Bridges (2 vols.: Ward and Downey), is the autobiography, or rather the confession, of one who, born in a slum in the Midlands, passes through the successive stages of gutter-child, workhouse-boy, farmer's boy, town-Arab, doctor's boy, stable-boy, book-maker's clerk, welsher, recognised book-maker, and inventor of quack pills, until experience and the influence of a good woman gradually convert him from successful rascality to *bona fide* philanthropy. "Baron" Barrett—for he acquired a foreign title for advertising purposes when he took to the patent pill business—is a fairly amusing sort of scamp, not without certain good instincts which his earlier circumstances never allowed fair play: and, as he writes from the point of view of one who has found out for himself the folly of dishonesty even when it is successful, he is able, by the scheme of the novel, to be his own commentator. The novel opens better than it proceeds, and proceeds more effectively than it concludes; the story of the "Baron's" childhood is excellently told, and with an exceedingly grim impress of truth. Next in interest come his experiences of the turf; but, when these are told, the remainder proves somewhat shadowy and conventional. The fact of the hero's having come to see the error of his ways deprives him of any part in the inimitable freedom from self-consciousness of Barry Lyndon: but it is difficult—at least through two good thirds of the book—not to feel that one is reading a true story about the actual inhabitants of a little-known province of Bohemia: and the style is in thorough keeping with this general atmosphere of reality. There is no more straining after point or effect than there is in Nature.

"The Lloyds of Ballymore: A Story of Irish Life," by Edith Rochfort (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is a favourable specimen of a host of similar stories of Irish life which have become so past counting as to make it wonderful that novelists are not weary of telling them. One is brought up scores of times in the course of "The Lloyds of Ballymore" by the doubt whether one is really reading a new novel, so familiar are the characters and all the earlier incidents; and when the plot wanders away from agrarian matters to a bank robbery, which might have belonged to life in any country, previous experiences in fiction no less recur. It is to be wished, however, that all re-arrangements of stock-stories were as well written and generally unobjectionable. The characteristically Irish portion of the novel is refreshingly unaggressive—and, after all, there is an exceedingly large public which enjoys portraits and incidents the more it is accustomed to them. We do not say that Edith Rochfort has merely reproduced what she has read—it is likely enough that she has drawn a considerable portion of her work from her own observation. But then certain sides of Irish life have been so often observed that it is scarcely worth while to repeat the process for the sake of the exceedingly slight varieties that so many minute and diligent explorers have left to be discovered.

Mr. John Hill also deals with a sadly worn-out subject—that side of German life which is associated with Heidelberg and beer. It is one of those topics of which, while the interest of them is by no means inexhaustible, everybody considers himself to be the original discoverer. Mr. Hill's chief object in writing "An Unfortunate Arrangement" (2 vols.: Ward and Downey) seems to be to get himself called shocking; but the success of even this mild ambition,

which we should have thought him by this time experienced enough to have outgrown, is doubtful. His taste is no doubt detestable, and the more detestable because its character is so obviously deliberate; but it is too childish to make more impression upon the reader than the scribbles which some ill-conditioned boy thinks it fine and dashing to make upon a wall. Such *graffiti*, however, are not necessarily without cleverness, and Mr. Hill's are not without some of the cleverness which he has already displayed in previous novels. He has a Philistine painter, for example, who is decidedly and legitimately amusing. Of the story there is little to say—it is both crude and improbable. It is right to add that Mr. Hill knows German student life thoroughly well, and that his descriptions of it may entertain many who can, from similar experience, appreciate his allusions. To these, such matters are perennially fresh; to others, who have merely read about them, they have by this time become as stale as the Africa of fiction.

Mr. Albert D. Vandam has conferred a benefit upon English readers by giving them a translation of Henry Gréville's "A Noble Woman" (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus). It is a charming book, of which the original charm is adequately conveyed. The plot is laid out on somewhat broad and melodramatic lines: but the character of Raissa, the heroine of it, is so noble, and so entirely justifies the title of the novel, that the human interest more than compensates for any elements that savour of the stage. To give an outline of the story would be out of the question without ample space; and it is unnecessary besides, seeing that its point is the influence of a grand and heroic character over every imaginable kind of hostile circumstance, which cannot be followed out save under the author's guidance. The novel has nothing to do with small things. Good and evil alike are on the largest scale: so large that whatever might otherwise be thought unwholesome in the story is transmuted by the spirit of tragedy without the help of a tragic close.

"For So Little: the Story of a Crime," by Helen Davis (1 vol.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), has been announced as a new "Australian" novel: but there is nothing characteristically Australian about it, beyond an occasional mention of Melbourne. The subject is poisoning by antimony; a husband being the criminal, and his wife his all-but victim. There is nothing to take it out of the ordinary run of such stories, in point of either art or interest. The newspapers have constantly done better, in respect of both qualities; and of psychology besides. Medical jurisprudence is a fascinating study: but in the hands of Helen Davis it becomes the study without the fascination which only genius can give it.

MUSIC

THE OPERA.—The production in French of Mr. Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda* has been postponed until next week, and the only addition to the season's repertory during the past ten days has been *Rigoletto*. The performance of Verdi's tragic masterpiece was not an exceptionally good one, for M. Lassalle, who previously had sung the part of the Jester only in French, was not thoroughly conversant with the Italian text, while the coldness and want of dramatic power displayed by Madame Melba, particularly in the last act, hardly compensated for her brilliant rendering of "Caro nome." Signor Valero, almost the only tenor *débütant* of the season

who retains his place in the company, was the Duke. During the rest of the week we have had repetitions of *Le Prophète*, *Faust*, *Roberto*, *et Juliette*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Die Meistersinger*.

The opera season will close three weeks hence, and we understand that the projected revival of *Fidelio* has been abandoned, doubtless to the regret of all music lovers. It seems there was a difficulty in training the chorus, and also in securing a Rocco, M. Edouard de Reszké not now having time to study the part. Beethoven's only opera will, however, certainly be revived next year, with the Munich *prima donna*, Madame Tavery, in Titiens' old character of Leonora.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—The seventy-eighth season of the Philharmonic Society came to an end on Saturday, when the Belgian violinist, M. Ysaÿe, gave a capital rendering of Spohr's ninth violin concerto in D minor. M. Ysaÿe may not have the fullness of tone possessed by Dr. Joachim or Lady Hallé, but he is one of the most brilliant executants now before the public. On Saturday he created a veritable sensation, testified by three enthusiastic recalls and an encore. The programme was otherwise made up of familiar materials, including Macfarren's *Cherry Chase* overture, a quartet by Costa, and Beethoven's "Choral" Symphony, of which the instrumental portions at any rate were accorded a very fair performance. On the other hand, the difficulties of the vocal *finale* necessarily proved too much for a scratch chorus, and a not particularly strong quartet of principal singers. The Philharmonic season has, it is understood, been a financial success, and although few of the not very judiciously selected novelties have a chance of remaining permanently in the repertory, yet one at least of them (Dvorák's new symphony) is likely to live. Mr. Cowen has been re-engaged as conductor the next season, which will commence on March 5th.

The Richter concert, last Monday, was given in association with the London Wagner Society, and the programme was devoted exclusively to the works of the Bayreuth master. Excerpts from *Rienzi*, *Tannhäuser*, and the *Flying Dutchman* were performed; but the most interesting items of the scheme were the closing scene from the *Götterdämmerung*, in which Miss Pauline Cramer sustained the character of Brünnhilde, the prelude and *finale* from *Tristan und Isolde*, and the whole of the lengthy closing scene from the third act of *Die Walküre*, in which Wotan chides his disobedient daughter, and raises the circle of fire which will surround her until some fearless champion comes to her rescue. This scene, which contains some of the most powerful music in the whole of the four-night opera, as sung by Mr. Henschel and Miss Cramer and played by the Richter orchestra, created a deep impression, so much so, indeed, that barely a member of the audience attempted to leave before the entire concert had concluded.

RECITALS.—The pianoforte recital season is nearly over, but during the past week two or three belated artists have made their *début*. Among the newcomers was M. Denhof, a Swiss pianist, and a pupil of Madame Essipoff's husband, M. Leschetitzky. Certain indications of incorrectness and flurry in Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 31, No. 2, may be excused by the fact that while he was performing this difficult music the pianist was greatly perplexed by the sounds of a particularly loud barrel organ played in the street, yet clearly audible through the open windows. In pieces by Schumann, and some works of the modern school, M. Denhof succeeded far better.

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The most successful effort of Herr Schönberger at his recital last week was Schumann's Sonata, Op. 22, music which exactly suits his style, and of which the andantino which forms the slow movement was played with infinite delicacy. Five minor pieces by the pianist himself were likewise in the programme, two of the *Minutinos* (the second and fourth of the set) being especially pretty and graceful. Miss Else Sonntag, Miss Van Brugh, Señor Leo de Silka, a new comer and a brilliant Spanish pianist, and others have likewise given recitals.

CONCERTS, VARIOUS.—Madame Patti made her first appearance since her severe illness at the Albert Hall on Saturday. Her voice was hardly yet in its best order; and for this reason, perhaps, the scene and *légende* of the "Fille du Parais," from M. Delibes' *Lakmé*, failed to make any great impression. On the other hand, after a brilliant delivery of "O luce de quest' anima," Madame Patti sang "Comin' Thro' the Rye," and for an *encore* to "The Banks of Allan Water," she sang "Home, Sweet Home." The programme, otherwise of a very miscellaneous character, needs no comment.

At Madame Zoë Caryl's concert M. Jean de Reszké was announced to make his only appearance this season on the concert platform. As was anticipated, he, however, failed to put in an appearance—chiefly, as we understand, in order that he should not be tired for the performance at the opera, on the same evening, of *Le Prophète*. Madame Bernhardt, who was suffering from almost total extinction of voice, recited a piece in which she was supposed to imitate the secretary of a public company reading the minutes of a previous meeting. Several Covent Garden artists likewise took part; M. Edouard de Reszké giving a fine delivery of an air from *L'Étoile du Nord*, Madame Melba singing "Caro nome," Madame Fürsch-Madi an aria from Saint-Saëns' *Samson et Delila*, and a song from Massenet's *Herodiade*, and M. Lassalle a song entitled "Mireille," composed expressly for him by M. Massenet.

Concerts, to which we cannot refer in detail, have also been given by Miss Carlotta Elliott, a well-known vocalist; by ten thousand pupils of the London Sunday Schools; by Signor Franceschetti, who gave a historical programme of the music of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and the early part of the eighteenth centuries; by Miss De Bunsen, the vocalist; Madame Cellini, Professor of Singing to the Princess of Wales; Miss Georgina Ganz; Mr. W. Ganz; Mr. E. Holland; Mr. F. Sheridan; Mr. Avon Saxon; Signor Carpi; Señor Carlo Ducci (at whose concert, on Monday, Mr. Josef White, the Parisian violinist, achieved considerable success); Miss Flood Porter, the violoncellist; Mrs. Carlisle Carr; and Mr. John Thomas, harpist to the Queen.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti will give a final concert this season at the Albert Hall on Wednesday week.—It is said that the famous Wagnerian vocalist Frau Materna is about to retire from the operatic stage, after singing through a series of her best Wagnerian parts at the Imperial Opera, Vienna.—Signor Arditì has been added to the list of conductors at the Royal Italian Opera.—The Rev. Canon Harford, of Westminster Abbey, has composed a song and anthem for Mr. Stanley's marriage. The proceeds will be devoted to the cost of a missionary steamer on the Victoria Nyanza.—M. Rivière has been appointed conductor of the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden.—The death is announced of Mrs. Cecilia Serle, daughter of Vincent Novello, and a sister of Clara Novello and Mrs. Cowden Clarke. In early life she was a vocalist and actress, and her daughter Mrs. Emma Clara Serle, was some thirteen years ago a promising young soprano singer. Mrs. Serle, who was the widow of the dramatist, actor, and journalist, Mr. T. G. Serle, was in her seventy-ninth year.



THE PLYMOUTH SHOW succeeded in what we venture to think the most important and real reason for the Royal Agricultural Society's peripatetic Exhibitions—namely, in the stirring and excitement of local interest in agriculture. From Penzance and Falmouth in the far west, to Exeter to the eastward, and even to Yeovil on the borders of Somerset, everybody seemed to have been to the Show, or, not having been, at least expected to be thought to have gone. The smallest local triumphs were chronicled with the greatest eagerness in the district Press, and the Cornishman or Devonian who carried off a prize in competition with "All England" at Plymouth will probably be still enjoying local admiration long after the "Royal" has gone into another division of England altogether, as it will do next year when it visits Doncaster. After the Show was over the county patriotism was displayed in a very amusing manner over a grand "tug of war" between the London police and showyard employees, and those who boasted of Devonshire or Cornish origin. The latter were victorious, to the intense delight of the crowd. The attendance at the Show, 98,000, was very satisfactory, considering the absence of that huge manufacturing contingent which visits the Exhibition whenever it quits its own real sphere of the agricultural counties for a display at Birmingham, or Leeds, or Manchester.

THE EXPENSES, so it is reported, have again failed to be covered, and the whole Exhibition is stated to have resulted in no considerable loss. This rumour must be received with very considerable caution, as the figures which are before the public would point to an opposite conclusion. The Local Guarantee Fund exceeded 5,000l., and 5,800l. was taken at the gates. It seems incredible that a Show of this character, the housing of which is merely a matter of carpenter's work in the erection of one-storey shedding, should cost 11,000l., moreover there are the handsome contributions of the big seedsmen and other advertising standholders. The attendance was poor on the last day of the Show, but very good on the Wednesday and Thursday.

THE WEATHER RECORD for the week at Plymouth ran as follows:—June 21, fine; June 22, fine; June 23, fine and clear morning, afternoon overcast; June 24, very fine both morning and evening; June 25, overcast with a change of wind from N.W. to S.; June 26, heavy rain for two hours just after sunrise; from nine o'clock forward the day was most brilliant, and the air after the rain of exquisite freshness; June 27th, morning cloudy, afternoon fine; June 28, showers in morning, afternoon fine and bright.

THE LAST WEEK OF JUNE throughout England generally was favourable to agriculture, though there were heavy showers of hail in some parts, the effect of which upon the hay was very untoward. Midsummer Day was of ideal character, a heavy dew both morning and evening refreshing all vegetation, while the mid-day temperature in the shade was 70 deg., and that at midnight 55 deg. There was a slight fall in both the day and night temperature during the next few days, but a regaining of heat on the last day of the month. The rainfall of the week was an inch in London, six-tenths at Plymouth, and the Western counties in general had drier weather than the Eastern.

OKEHAMPTON CASTLE was sold by auction last Saturday. The Committee of inhabitants interested in the preservation of this historic and picturesque ruin had made an offer to the vendor, Mr. Paige, of Redruth, of a thousand pounds, and terminated negotiations with its refusal. There was a large attendance at the White Hart, Okehampton, where the sale took place, and the bidding was watched with much interest, the principal competitors being Mr. Bentick, of Roney Tracey; Mr. Thompson, of Exeter; and Mr. Reddaway, of Okehampton. The last-named was eventually the purchaser, at a thousand guineas, an event on which archaeologists may be congratulated, as Mr. Reddaway is a wealthy landowner, and can afford, as he assures us he intends to do, to keep the Castle as it now is, neither destroyed nor "restored."

THE WEST COUNTRY PAPERS, under the stimulus of the Royal Show, have been devoting considerable attention to agricultural matters in general, and it is, we fear, rather discouraging to find that they can discover no greater promise than that held out to English farmers by the growth of American population being unattended by any growth of American agricultural resources. The matter is one which will add to the complications of the twentieth century very possibly; but it is not exactly urgent now. The United States in a good year still have twenty million quarters of wheat to spare for export, and six to seven million quarters of maize. The United Kingdom requires to import less than these quantities of either article, and it remains a fact, therefore, that America in a favourable season can still meet, single-handed, all demands. Of course all American seasons are not favourable, but then there are India, Russia, Australia, and the Argentine Republic to draw upon, not to speak of occasional receipts from Africa, Persia, Asia Minor, Canada, and Chili.

THE FAILURES OF FARMERS are so often due to circumstances of weather spoiling the crops or of disease among stock, over which the victim has no control, that the discredit attaching to purely commercial insolvency is often replaced by genuine and widespread sympathy. The Agricultural Benevolent Institution, therefore, is a body peculiarly deserving of support, and we were glad to learn, on attending the annual meeting last week, that the annual income is 20,000l., of which part is derived from the interest on a reserve fund of 34,000l., but the most part from annual subscriptions and donations. The number of pensioners added during the past year has been 105, and there are now 780 on the list. The large sum of 3,410l. seems to be expended on working expenses, which is over 17 per cent. of the revenue. Lord Northbrook, in addressing the subscribers, congratulated them on the good harvest-promise this year, though he said he was unable to look further ahead, or to prophecy any general improvement in the farmers' position.

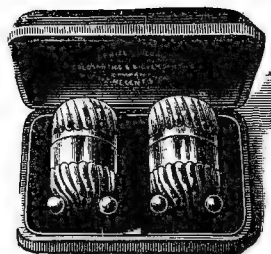
DISEASE AMONG CATTLE is, we are sorry to say, by no means extinct. The energy of the Privy Council has been followed by similar energy of the New Board of Agriculture, and Mr. Chaplin has even incurred some odium at the big ports by the prohibition of landing cattle from different infected places abroad. None the less, for all these efforts, we learn that disease exists at the present time in London, Cheshire, Cumberland, Essex, Kent, Lancaster, Leicester, Northampton, Surrey, and Yorkshire; only ten counties out of forty, indeed, but, unfortunately, a very serious and important "pick." The healthy state of East Anglia and Lincoln, however, is a matter for congratulation, and it will be seen that there is no trouble of this character in the pastoral district of the west and south-west. Ireland and Scotland are not badly affected, but the disease is found in four Scotch and also in four Irish counties.

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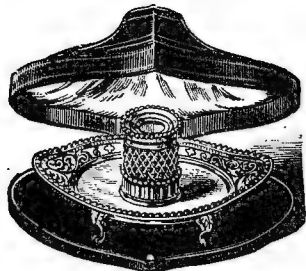
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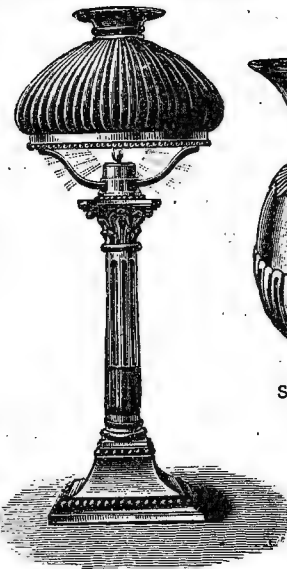


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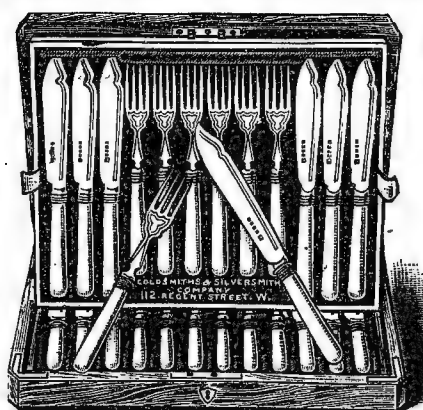
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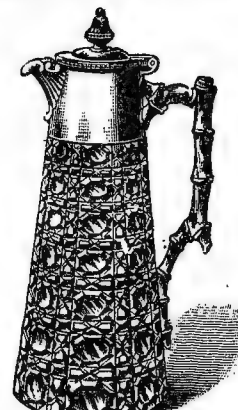
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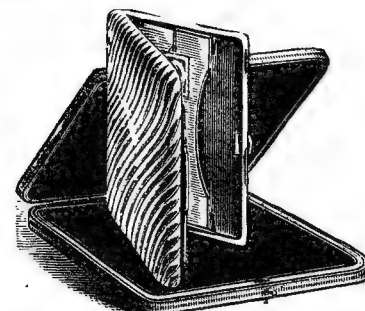
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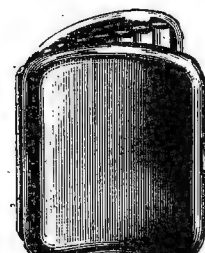


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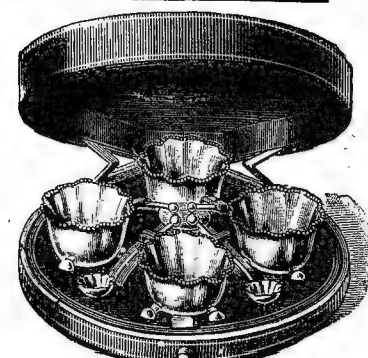


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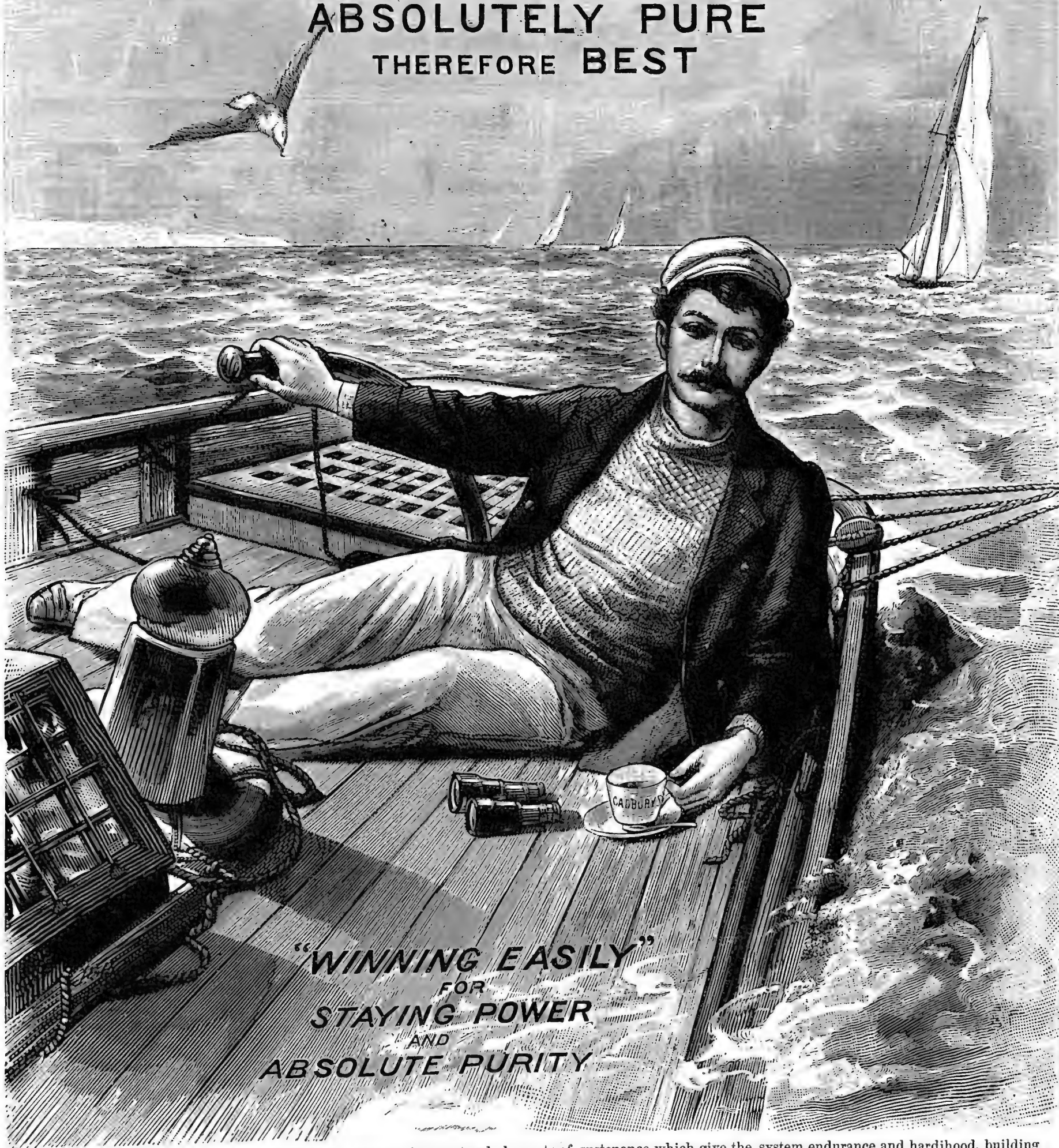


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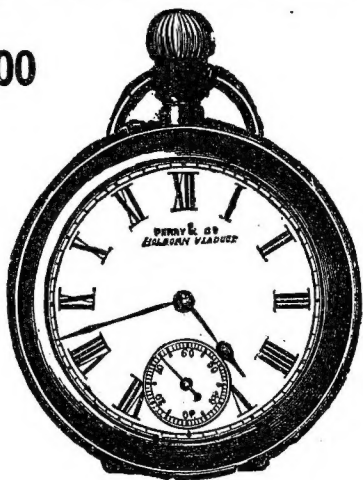
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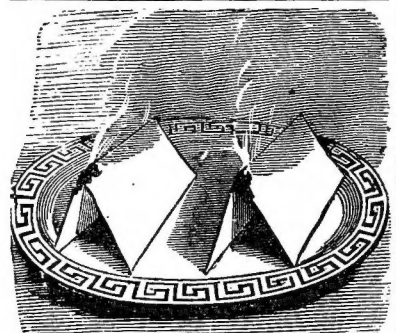
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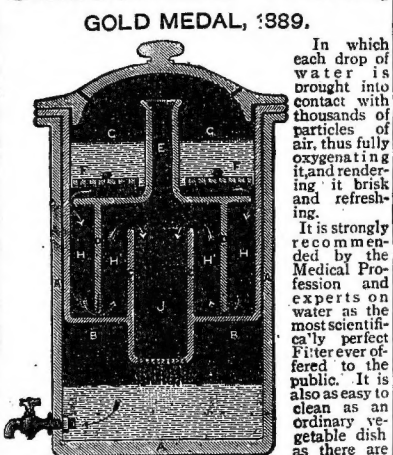
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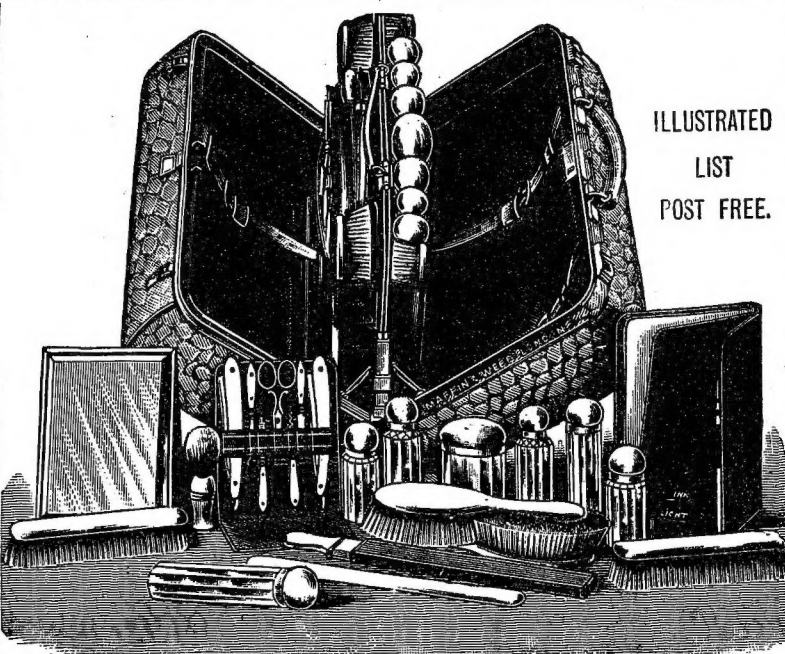
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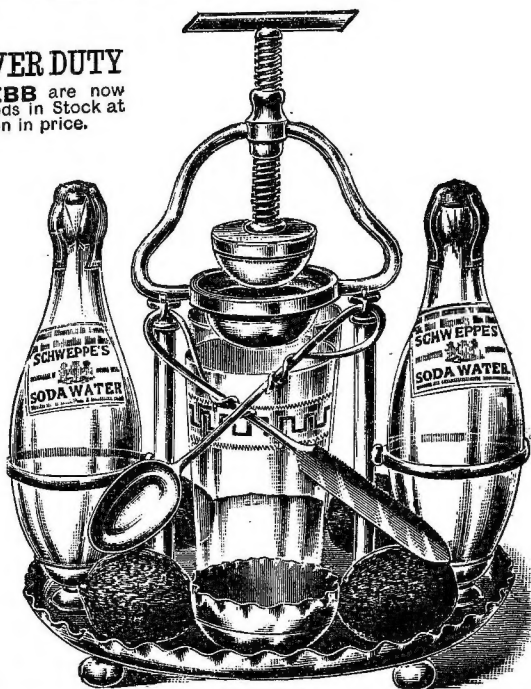
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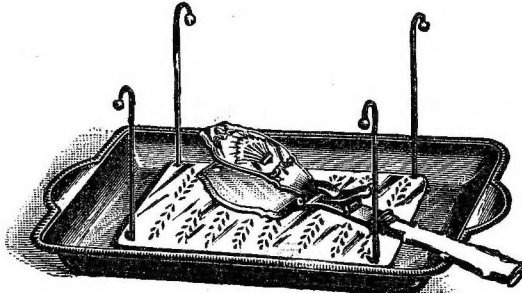
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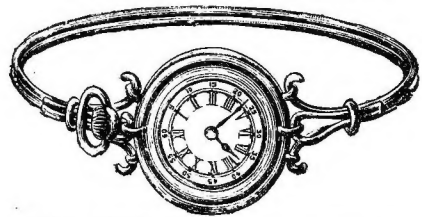
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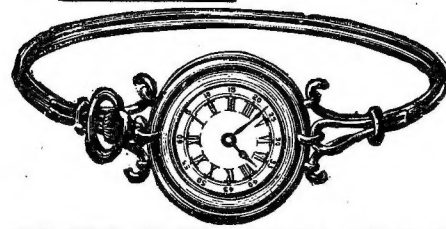
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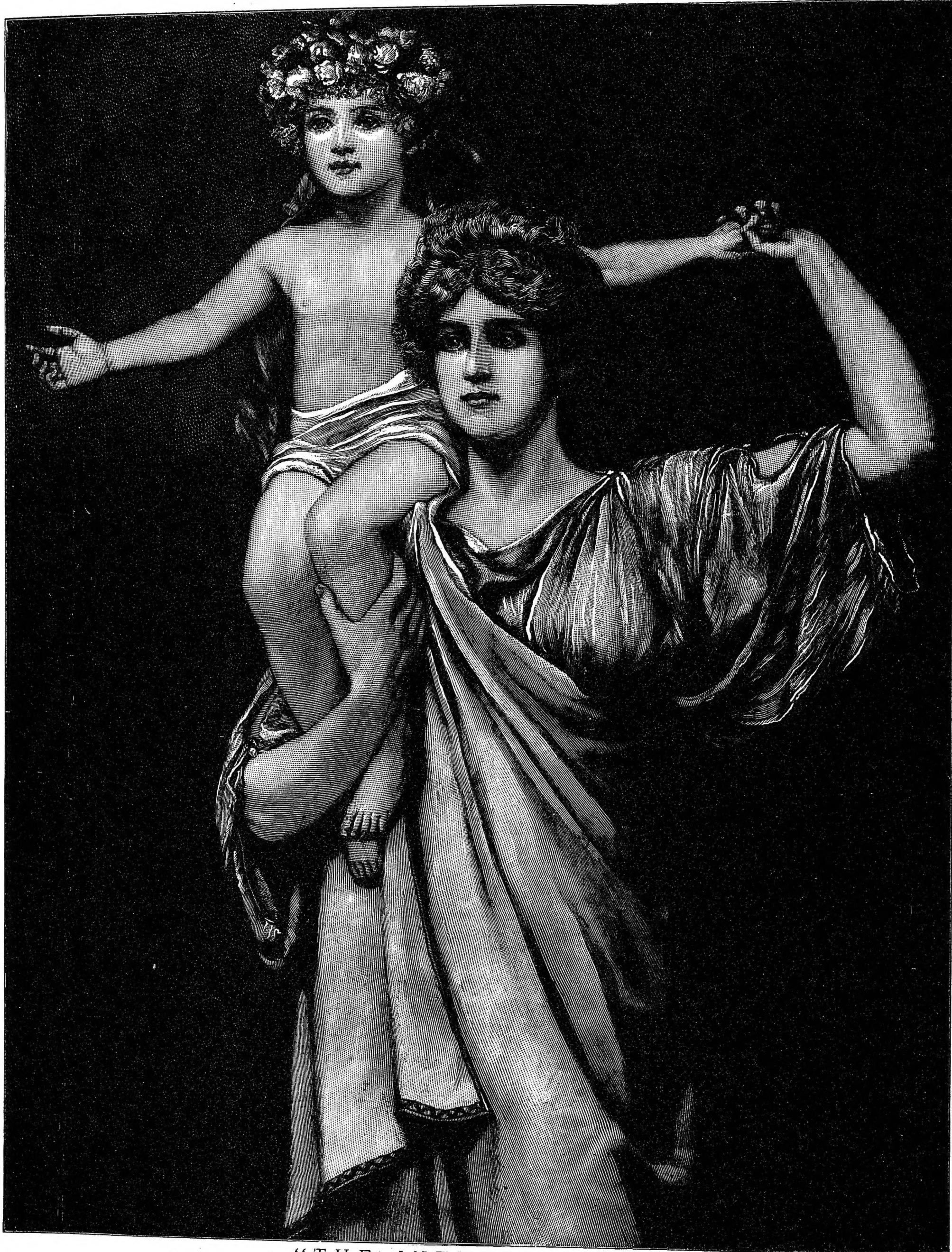
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